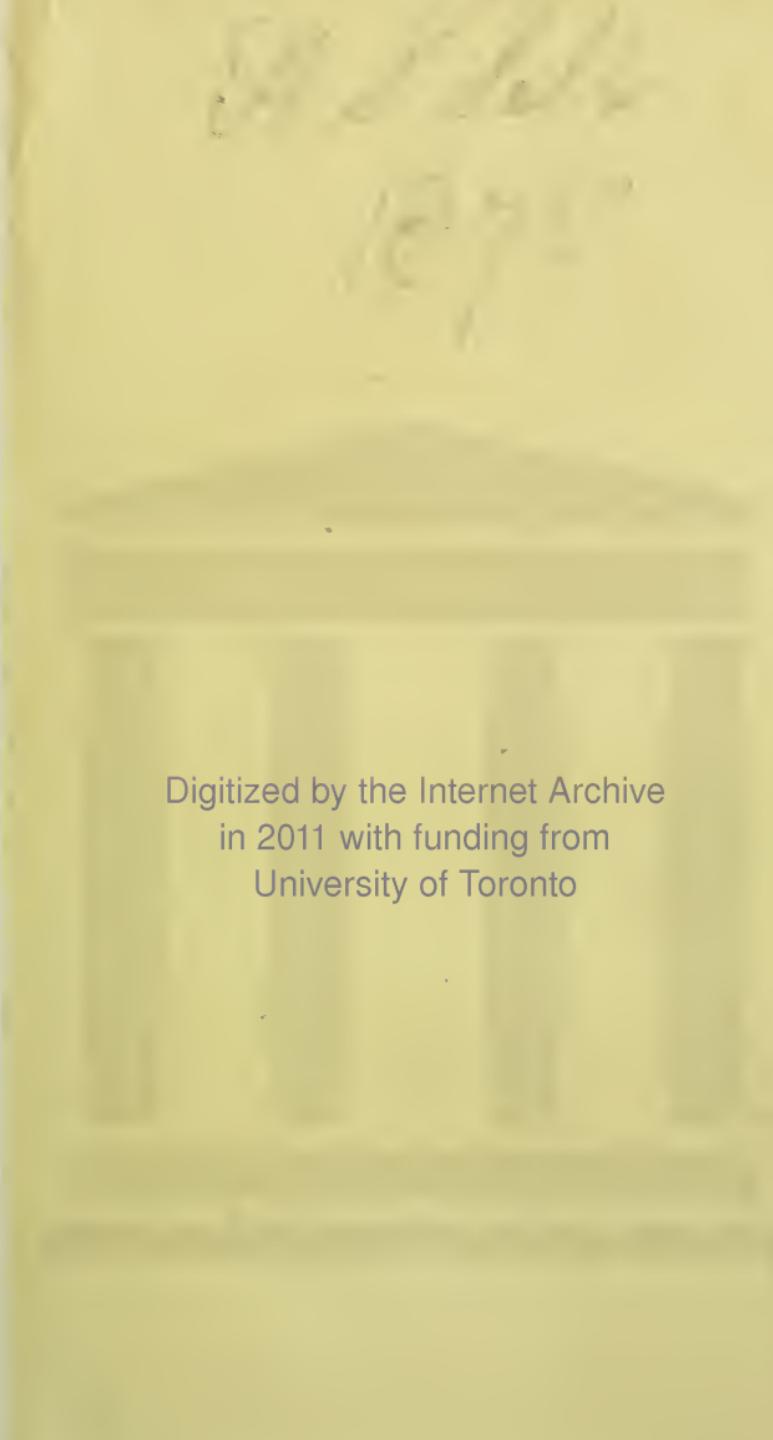




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West Middle East

Winter Spring

A very faint, light blue watermark-style illustration occupies the background of the page. It depicts a person from the waist up, wearing a long, flowing robe or tunic. The person appears to be in a seated or kneeling position, possibly holding a staff or object. The style is sketchy and lacks fine detail due to its low opacity.

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# THE SEA;

SKETCHES OF A VOYAGE TO HUDSON'S BAY;

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

THE SCALD.

LONDON:

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WAKE, ocean harp, thy wildest strain,  
And sound the music of the main !  
Thrill forth from thy symphonious strings  
Tones deep with dread imaginings !  
And tell the might, and mystery, too,  
Of the "great deep," the boundless blue !  
Oh ! that the fire of poesy  
Would kindle to intensity,  
And waft me through this raptured theme  
On waves of song, on wings of flame !  
That I might thoughts profound impart,  
And breathe a strain to reach the heart !



## PREFACE.

---

THE poems now offered to the public have neither the charm of romantic narrative, nor the zest of humorous description, to recommend them to the general reader. Yet, if their perusal will afford any gratification to more reflective minds, the author will consider that he has not laboured in vain. He has hesitated too long, and has been too cautious of submitting himself to the ordeal of criticism, to feel much disappointed at a failure now ; more especially as he does not come forward as a professed *littérateur*. His productions are the results of a pleasing recreation in the intervals of the duties of another profession to which he has devoted himself for some years. The Sea, the wide and wondrous sea, is the subject which of all others has taken the strongest hold on his imagination ; his

greatest regret is, that he has not been able to do it ampler justice. He was born within its echoes, and passed the haleyon days of childhood and youth beside it; and he has also voyaged o'er its deeps, and experienced the variety of its changes, not excepting those of the icy regions of the North ; and it is his delight that he still dwells beside the everlasting hum of its mighty waters. It was the sea that infused into his soul the love of poetry ; and but for that he would never have dreamed of tempting the alluring art. It is true that the stirring measures of Sir Walter Scott first gave him a taste for rhyming ; the melodious versification and polished diction—the thoughts that breathe and words that burn—of Thomas Gray, whose odes were for ever engraved on his memory from the time when he recited them from his school Collection—drew his attention closely to the peculiar charms of a smooth and harmonious strain ; Pope and Campbell inspired him with a passion for the majestic march of the deca-syllabic line, than which no other measure in English verse can so nobly convey the intensity of a grand theme ; and from natural temperament,

guided by the study of several of our great poets, has been derived whatever of poetie pathos his effusions may contain ; but, without the combination of the circumstance first mentioned, it is doubtful if the passion of poetry would have entered into his soul.

I give my volume to the public, then, with feelings bordering on a stern resolve to bear unmoved the issue ; and however far critics may condemn, they cannot diminish the pleasure of the recollections of the hours spent in dalliance with the Muse.



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## THE SEA.

---

FROM the vast heavens, which tell their Maker's praise,  
To earth, which revels in His glory's rays,  
Ten thousand tongues throughout creation glad  
Speak to the soul as this bright world we tread,  
And utter wisdom to the sons of men,  
Profound though clear, and solemn though serene :—  
The stars that sparkle in heaven's canopy,  
The clouds that sail across the azure sky,  
The thunder's mutterings, and the lightning's gleam,  
The crash of rains as from the clouds they stream,  
The chime of brooks, the whisper of the breeze,  
The song of birds, the rustling of the trees,  
The laughing joy of fields, the charms of flowers,  
The gladdening sunshine, and refreshing showers,  
The azure mountain, and the glassy lake,  
And earth in all her ecstasies awake,—  
Each has its own sweet language to the heart,  
And each its own instruction can impart.

I've listened to them all with raptures new—  
But there is one more prompt the thoughts to woo,  
One vast reflection of the Eternal's face,  
Whose might and mystery I mean to trace.

What saith the sea,—the ever-sounding sea,  
This ever-rolling, wide immensity—  
As, ever onward, in its ceaseless flow,  
Its waves chime solemn dirges as they go?  
I hear a voice in every murmuring sound  
Diffusing mystic eloquence around,  
Whether the music of the rippling wave  
Or the deep sighing of the ocean cave.  
What saith the sea? Unchanged, it is the same  
As when from ancient chaos forth it came:  
Unchanged, yet ever changing, never still,  
But weltering, wandering with a wayward will,  
Around an ever-changing world it flows,  
And ever in its pristine freshness glows.  
The heavens are fair when o'er the dome of day  
The lordly sun is charioting his way,  
Are gloriously pure at night's still noon  
When pale and silent glides the solemn moon,  
Or brilliant little stars in thick array  
Twinkle in gladness toward the dawn of day; [bright  
Yet those have changed; and stars which once were  
Have vanished to the nothingness of night,  
That now their orbit knoweth them no more,  
And stars now shine where azure ruled before. (a)  
Yet when I gaze upon the starry skies,  
And thought would pierce infinity that lies  
Afar beyond the searchless depths of space,  
Lost in imaginings I cannot trace,

I lose its sympathies—so vast the theme—  
And wonder wide, and waste is all my dream.

But when I gaze upon the weird old sea  
In all his dread mysterious majesty,  
I gaze on something kin, a vital part  
Of this terrestrial system ; and the heart  
Flows out and out as the blue waters roll,  
And drinks emotions which transport the soul.  
We see its weeds, its waves, its rocks, its sand,  
And the foam-bells that curl upon the strand ;  
We hear the shaggy rolling billow roar,  
And see it burst in wrath upon the shore ;  
We launeh upon the flood, and scan its deeps,  
Or dredge up wonders from its crystal keeps ;  
And when the still calm broods upon its breast,  
And heaven's blue vault is mirrored in its rest,  
The stars gleam sparkling from the blue profound,  
So pure they might reality confound.  
Who dares affirm they are realitics,  
Those stars that wander through the azure skies ? (b)  
That all are worlds philosophy propounds—  
This more of poetry than sciencee sounds ;  
Each star *may* be a world ; and who dare say  
It is not ? but at best it only *may* ;  
At best 'tis but a pretty fiction, framed  
To hide the ignorance has science shamed.  
We cannot stray into the realms of space,  
Nor through its mazy depths a pathway traee,  
Nor float upon its surface, like the sea,  
Nor reach those starry islands wandering free ;  
We hear no sound through all the starry host,  
But each glides onward silent as a ghost ;

No dweller of the ethereal domain  
Has ever strayed into this orb terrene.

It changes not, the sea ; let one who trod  
This world undeluged, earth's primeval sod,  
Now from the regions of the dead return  
And see the earth where once was his sojourn ;  
He could not search and tell his former place,  
Nor recognise the features of her face ;  
But could he gaze upon the changeless sea  
And say, "Thou wondrous vast ! I know not thee" :

What saith the sea ? "I've seen the world grow old  
As in my youthful gladness I have rolled ;  
I've marked the doings of aspiring man ;  
I swelled the deluge which his works o'erran ;  
I've seen his thrones, dominions pass away,  
And empires, greatest in their hour, decay ;  
I've seen the warrior, statesman, sage, and bard,  
Each struggle through his span for fame's award,  
And, all unheeding, I have rolled along.  
I've made my summer waves chime mirthful song,  
And I have heaved my shaggy surge, and roared,  
When winter to the charge his tempests poured,  
Yet feel my strength abated not to rage,  
Nor my transparent waters dimmed with age.  
Man boasts his power to guide the prompting helm,  
To brave my wrath, and travel through my realm ;  
Yet on my bosom though I bear his bark,  
Cleft by the keel, my waves retain no mark ;  
And though he makes his highway of the sea,  
He claims withal no beaten path from me ;  
And, if thou couldst but read my depths profound,

Thou wouldest discern vain deeds forgotten, wound  
In winding-sheet of weeds, and cerements cold  
Of sand and sea-clay by my currents rolled :  
There lies man's ruin on my lowest bed,  
And bones long gathered in those ages sped ;  
There silent sleep the dead, serene and still,  
And countless triumphs of my moody will."

I love the sea. I've listened to its roar  
When 'midst the storm it raged upon the shore ;  
I've heard it solemn at the dead of night  
When slumbers from my couch had taken flight ;  
I've listened to it at the evening's close,  
When darkness o'er the fading twilight rose,  
When all around, above, was calm and still  
But plover's wail, or bleating from the hill,  
Or, wafted from the realms of ocean lone,  
Sigh spake to sigh and moan to fitful moan,  
As deep to deep did call, till from the vast  
Came hurtling with his clouds the tempest blast.

I love the sea. It was my boyhood's mate ;  
Born within sight of flashing of its foam,  
Within the sounding of its surges great,  
All on an island was my childhood's home ;  
And in my youth I wandered by the strand,  
Or traced my name upon the faithless sand,  
To be wiped off by the returning wave ;  
And joyed when in its waters I could lave.  
Lone o'er the slimy rocks I oft would stray,  
With its wild weeds and tiny shells to play,  
Or stand enraptured, in a musing mood,  
When, spent the storm, still swelled the restless flood,

To watch the surf afar begin to heave  
And lengthen out its smooth and turgid wave,  
As noiselessly it undulated in,  
And reared apace its summit round and sheen,  
Stretching its arms to clasp the foaming bay,  
Where the sea-bird rejoiced amid the spray ;  
Now, lifting sharp its ridge transparent green,  
The first white wreath of foam is toppling seen ;  
Anon it shakes its crest against the shore,  
And, with a hoarse and far resounding roar,  
Strikes in its madding might the sullen sand,  
And bursts in foam along the echoing strand ;  
While, upwards urged, the hissing waters creep,  
And slower scale the rough and pebbly steep,  
Then, fast retiring, with a sighing sound,  
Sweep the loose pebbles tinkling o'er the ground.

The rock-bound inlet 'twas my wont to view  
With more of awe when loud the tempest blew,  
Whose misty haze would sea and sky deform ;  
How seethed its waters in the raging storm,  
When wave succeeding wave in concourse fast,  
Torn from the deep in masses dark and vast,  
Would bound careering with tremendous roar,  
Like giant missiles hurled by unseen power !  
And, as they neared the stern resisting rock,  
Would rear and shake as straining to the shock,  
While from each ridge the foaming cascade poured,  
And seemed to writhe in anguish as they roared.  
Thus have I seen the wide untrammelled deep  
Rush to the charge and storm the rocky steep,  
When lashed to fury by the eastern gale ;  
With shock on shock the stubborn front assail ;

While, dashing, pouring, raging, and resounding,  
The shattered waters howled with noise astounding,  
And white above the cliffs shot clouds of spray  
Spurned from the sea-front 'mid the crash of fray,  
Which down in sheety cataracts foaming fell  
O'er the black precipice, again to swell  
The frantic floods which writhed and yelled below,  
Chafing and spouting in their maddened flow.

I love the sea. Upon the sea-cliff high,  
In youth's day-dreams it was my wont to lie,  
Where e'er I might command an ocean view,  
And gaze on the interminable blue,  
The wilderness of deeps, the pathless vast,  
The misty realm whence comes the tempest blast,  
And whither many a fated bark has bore,  
Dark and unknown, and ne'er been heard of more.  
Far on the dim horizon I would try  
To mark the verge commingling sea and sky,  
And scan the white-winged wanderer afar,—  
How like a thing of airy gossamer!—  
Careering proudly o'er the waters waste,  
And in the dim, dim distance, fading fast;  
With glad emotions I have watched her near,  
All gliding in her spirit-like career;  
Reclining gently to the joyous breeze,  
She left her wake upon the flashing seas,  
And flung the foam right proudly from her prow,  
Marching majestic in her stately show.

Or the light boat, in lively colours dight,  
Her painted sails in sunshine flashing white,  
Like to a swallow in its wanton play,

Skimmed o'er the smoother waters of the bay,  
Doubling and circling in like playful mood  
Along the purling ripple of the flood.

Again, I've seen the bark, with blackened sail,  
Drenched with the spray and striving with the gale,  
Rounding her way amid the seething foam  
As sporting with the terrors of her home,  
And boldly dare the billow in its might,  
Ride o'er its wrath, and rise upon its height;  
Then, headlong hurled, drive down the slippery steep  
And mount again the summits of the deep,  
While, like the wild swan in his wanton play,  
She lashed the flood and flung the showery spray.

Yet though I've seen the bark so proudly brave  
The tempest's blast and raging of the wave,  
And through the islands thread her mazy way,  
Through tide-swept firth and strait, where furious fray  
Opposing currents in their conflict waged,  
Leaping and foaming as they roared and raged,  
Th' insidious skerry, or the gloom of night,  
The coast low lying, or mistaken light,  
Has often lured her to destruction dire  
When howled the storm in ocean's day of ire;  
The heart-strings vibrate with a shuddering thrill,  
The senses waver, and the blood runs chill,  
To see the sickening horrors which attend  
This fearful form of life's dismaying end.  
The helpless bark, driven wildly to the shock,  
Then dashed and bulged against the hidden rock,  
Is grasped and fastened, for a little pause,  
As in leviathan's tremendous jaws;  
Anon a hideous billow swells and breaks,

Beneath whose crash the reeling fabric shakes ;  
Awhile 'tis hid in foam ;—the billow boils,—  
Then sinks the effervescence and recoils ;—  
All's lost to sight !—the wreck is swept away,  
The waves are chafing proudly o'er their prey ;  
A little while, and, spued forth from their roar,  
Cordage, and spars, and corses, strew the shore.

I love thee, ocean ! and I know thee well.  
Within the echo of thy sounding swell,  
In sight of thy blue waters I was born,  
And cradled on thine islands, which adorn  
And wreathè them in thy breakers dashing white  
As the dark storm-clouds fringe themselves with light ;  
Oft have they sung my lullaby, in sound  
Harmonious with the winds that piped around ;  
And I have loved thee as a brother would ;  
For thou couldst win me, though inconstant, rude  
And reckless in thy rage ; thou hadst a spell  
Which wound itself about my heart right well.  
Ours was a long companionship : I grew  
From childhood up to youth, and never knew  
And never dreamed contemplating a scene  
Where mingled not thy foam nor glassy sheen.  
I've seen thee in thy rage, and awe-struck stood  
When thou wouldest chafe and roar in frenzied mood ;  
But I haye seen thee also in thy rest,  
When mirthful sunbeams danced upon thy breast,  
When thou wast bright and joyous in thy flow,  
And thy glad waves flashed back the noontide glow ;  
Or gently vibrating in silent sleep,  
When watery moonbeams trembled o'er the wave,  
Flowing in film of whiteness o'er the deep,

Which from its crypts the mirrored stars up gave ;  
All was serene and solemn, neither stirred  
A sound but night plaint of the wandering bird,  
Or the light splash, as dipped the fisher's oar,  
Glancing the moonbeam, as he sought the shore.

I loved thee, ocean ! and I love thee still  
As mountaineer would worship the blue hill  
Whose heaths, wild flowers, and rills had charmed his  
sight  
Till, like the last, his heart gushed with delight.  
Yet thou art not the same to me as when  
In youth's bright world I lived within thy reign ;  
I saw thee, heard thee, loved thee, feared thee, too,  
And deemed thee spirit-like, thou vasty blue !  
'Tis not that thou art changed—the change is here  
In the lost feelings of my bosom, where  
The gush of fervour felt in boyhood's day  
Has lost its force, has almost thrilled away  
Unto a little tremulous wild rill,  
And left a void I vainly wish to fill :  
But Time, relentless as thine own wild roar,  
Renders not back, although the heart implore.  
I knew not then those passions which enwind  
Their toils around the soul, and sternly bind  
The *man* to life's rude battle, and compel  
To grapple with those shocks he cannot quell ;  
The light, the joys, the friends of early years,  
Their short-lived sorrows, too, their hopes and fears,  
Were blended with the feelings which out-drew  
My heart tow'r'd thee, thou witching ocean blue !  
And they are gone, their pleasures past retrieving—  
Friends severed some, some faithless and deceiving.

Said I, "I knew thee well," romantic sea!  
Because thy sounding terrors were to me  
A wonder, and thy summer charms a joy,  
When rambling by thy shores a careless boy?  
Aha! unto thy deserts I've been down,  
And dared those regions which thou call'st thine own;  
Through thine eternal mists I've passed, and seen  
Thy frown terrific and thy smile serene;  
In calms, embosomed on thy glassy plain,  
As in a dream entranced my bark has lain,  
Or o'er the sportive waves careered in pride  
Where the bright foam flashed white upon the tide;  
And I have felt thee rouse thee from thy sleep  
And rise up in thy wrath, thou awful deep!  
Lashed by the tempest, by the storm-cloud pressed,  
Rolling its crushing burden o'er thy breast,  
Summon thy floods in legions to the war,  
And marshal them with noise resounding far;  
Hurl thy stupendous billows o'er the vast;  
Roar loud above the howling of the blast;  
And force thy way through thickest of the storm  
With terrors dire which heaven and earth deform.  
Thou boundless, fathomless immensity!  
Raging in all thy reinless majesty,  
I've seen the unwieldy billow swelling rise,  
Daring its foaming frown to scowling skies,  
And shake its shaggy top, as shakes the steed  
His flowing mane to summon up his speed,—  
Terrific gleaming through the misty spray,  
Toward the bark roll, roaring on its way;  
Upheave her trembling, on its surges caught,  
And spurn her from it as a thing of naught,  
As if 'twere raging in its frantic flight

To find some foe more equal to its might ;  
Or fiercely seize her struggling in the spray  
And shake her as the tiger shakes his prey,  
Then fling her from it in disdainful mood,  
Rent, crushed, and shattered on the seething flood.  
And I have feared, and wondered, and admired,  
And loved the enchantment which my fancy fired,  
Till I could laugh, with all a Triton's glee,  
To mark the ship's wild way upon the sea.

But thou hast secrets dark, thou moody deep !  
Hid in thy secret archives, thou dost keep  
Records of blood and tales of mortal woe,  
Which judgment's day of dread shall only show ;—  
Earth's trust embezzled, treasured in thy store  
Brave ships that sailed and ne'er were heard of more ;  
The dead who, 'midst thy greedy surges thrown,  
Have to thy deeps gone down, and down, and down,  
And there sleep on, unheeding of thy roar,  
The loved, the lost whom thou wilt not restore,  
With many thousand schemes, and hopes, and fears,  
Which thou hast swallowed for six thousand years.  
And thou hast forms of life most wondrous rare,  
Unknown to sage philosophy ; and there  
Thou cherishest thy weeds of varied hue,  
Thy shells adorned with purple, pearl, and blue,  
And gems unknown to kindle in the ray  
Which hails thee, sirc, thou kindling king of day !  
Yet, that earth's progeny may know thy might,  
And wonder more at that thou hid'st from sight,  
Thou spuest with thy slime upon the shore  
The soil too sordid for thy waters pure—  
The grave-defrauded corse ; the carcase vile

Of some sea-monster perished long ere while ;  
The nameless plank, wrenched from the sinking bark  
By the eddying gulf that whelmed her in the dark,  
Or broken weeds that strew the stony beach,  
And mark the boundary thy surges reach.

Thou art compassionless, remorseless, cold,  
Thy fury nor entreated nor cajoled.  
I've seen a mother, in the agony  
That wailed and shuddered o'er her drowning boy,  
Bend over thy devouring waves' abyss  
And, in her wild delirium of distress,  
Sob, writhe, and wring her hands, as she implored  
Thy waves to render back the form adored,  
Her joy, her pride, her strength, her hope, her stay,  
Her dearest light of life's declining day,  
And sink convulsed beneath the sickening throe,  
Her swelling heart crushed with her withering woe ;  
But thou didst roll relentless, and thy roar  
Seemed as it would deride her anguish sore ;  
While the stark corse thou in thy weeds didst fold,  
And hug it with thy foaming waters cold.

Resistless as thy mighty waters go,  
And wild and wondrous as their ceaseless flow,  
And fearful as the tempest's wrath, that sweeps  
Unbridled o'er the deserts of thy deeps,  
'Neath humid skies, where thy glad waters roll  
Boundless and free, and scornful of control,  
Yet there are regions where the northern blast  
Has chained thee up, and bound the mighty fast ;  
Regions of night and winter's sunless shade,  
Where the blast shakes the storm-cloud overhead,

And sifts the writhing snow o'er wave and wold,  
Till desolation triumphs waste and cold.  
Cold, killing-cold, the ice-armed blast goes forth  
Over the iron regions of the north,  
And ices all of life it breathes upon,  
Like as the Gorgon's head chill'd men to stone.  
And thee, thou proud, control-disdaining sea !  
The icy king has bound in chains, even thee ;  
In his cold hand he grasps the surly wave,  
Arrests it in the shape it rose to rave,  
And fixes it, till all the heaving plain  
Congeals in rage beneath his winter reign.  
Of thee he builds his battlements and walls,  
His sparkling palaces and crystal halls,  
Where he exults in desolation lone,  
And sways the sceptre of the Arctic zone.  
The very heavens, when cloudless, blue, and clear,  
Bend o'er the frigid scene in stern array,  
Each piercing star seems freezing in its sphere,  
As coldly pure it gleams its cheerless way ;  
And the cold moon shoots down her gelid beams,  
Which mingle in the scene like icy streams ;  
So coldly blue appear the vaulted skies,  
Like aether frozen into azure ice.(c)  
Yet in thy season thou dost rise again,  
And burst thy bands, thou ever-warring main !  
As Samson snapped his withes and matchless rose  
With his arm's might, and brayed to dust his foes,  
Thou rend'st those fetters forged by Arctic night,  
And fling'st thy shackles from thee in thy might.  
  
Like to a giant in his revels, thou  
Beginn'st to rouse thyself from depths below

In fitful murmurs, and thou hurriest far  
Thy heralds post to light the torch of war ;  
Then dost thou shake thyself with hideous yell,  
Causing thy solid plains of ice to swell  
And undulate upon thy surging strength,  
Rend, roar, and tremble in their fright at length,  
And with astounding crash rebellow wide,  
While gapes the chasm and 'scapes the imprisoned tide,  
Till, in thy storm of fury, thou dost fall  
Fierce on those fields of ice, and bray'st them small ;  
The breezes sweep the fragments from thy face,  
And forth thou shinest in thine azure grace,  
And sendest swift to other climes afar  
Thy currents loaded with those spoils of war.  
From the sea-cliff thou rend'st the iceberg tall,  
Causing thy deeps to stagger in its fall ;  
Mountains of ice thou seizest for thy prey,  
And driv'st them captive o'er thy floods away ;  
I've seen them marching on their journey sad,  
While thy young waves would sport around them glad.  
Sighing and moaning, weeping as they went,  
And heaving hoary, rifted, bored, and rent ;  
For I have followed thee, thou ocean waste !  
And through the ruin of thy revels passed ;  
I've cruised among thy bergs, and floes, and streams,  
And seen fulfill'd the wildest of my dreams,  
Whirl'd on the tide, or wafted on the breeze,  
When summer shone upon the Arctic seas.

But I am wandering from my theme away  
When o'er those wilds I let my fancy stray.  
I would but ask thee, thou devouring sea !  
If thou wouldst moot a secret dark to me.

What of those Arctic deserts canst thou tell,  
Where ice, and rocks, and desolation dwell?  
And what of *him* whom all the world deplores,  
Whose fate on those inhospitable shores,  
Where horror reigns, a grateful land has wept,  
Whose fate for nine long winters thou hast kept  
Sealed with the frost-king's signet, and unknown  
To all who erst have braved his frigid zone?  
Of him, the ardent, dauntless voyager,  
Whom three score years and ten could not deter,  
Nor even the perils which his prime had dared,  
When frost and famine toils unwonted shared,  
But would entrust his fortunes to the wave,  
To bear him on to glory or a grave;  
Rushed to the deserts of eternal frost,  
And in the depths of wilderness was lost,  
Where ever-during desolation, throned  
On hills of ice, rules the wide realm around?

He went; time passed away; the world went on  
As he had left it. When a year was gone  
They hoped, and looked for his returning sail;  
And when the winter whirls began to wail  
They feared not; he had ample stores to dare  
Three winters in the numbing polar air.  
Another year was numbered with the past,  
But brought no further tidings than the last;  
When some began to doubt, and some to fear,  
But all hoped on; and yet another year  
And still he came not, and light rumour's tongue  
Was busy with the changes which it rung.  
And then they sought him through the wilderness—  
Those noble, daring spirits, kin to his;

They sought in vain those cumbered seas which flow  
Round islands wrapped in everlasting snow ;  
Year after year they sought him on the waste,  
And year on year of fruitless daring passed,  
Yet found him not, nor hailed his gallant bark,  
Nor traced his path through depths of desert dark ;  
But on a desolate and lonely shore,  
All still and silent save thine own sad roar,  
Beneath a cairn, that whispered of the lost,  
They found three graves for ever sealed in frost.

And is this all, compassionless, cold sea !  
That of the lost ones we can wrest from thee ?  
Could not a nation's earnest toils obtain,  
Could not affection's supplications gain,  
Some token from thee where the wanderers rest,  
Where sank the last when hope resigned his breast ?  
All !—all ! Thy trust thou scornest to betray,  
And chaf'st the iceberg in thy moody way ;  
Thou coverest close thy secret with thy deeps,  
If there the lost lamented Franklin sleeps,  
With all his gallant crew ; and o'er their graves  
The ice-armed Arctic ocean idly raves ;  
Their tomb-stones thine eternal piles of ice,  
Which bear no studied sculpture nor device.  
Then, since thy wayward waves will not reveal  
Aught of their fate thou gloriest to conceal,  
No more we ask of thee—the wilderness  
Has told the tidings of their last distress ;  
The relics of that brave, devoted band  
Gleamed in the snow-wreaths of a barren land  
Before the Arctic traveller's wondering eye,  
And stayed his journey that he passed not by,

But from the savage wormed the mournful tale,  
And hastened homeward with the note of wail. (*d.*)

Unhappy band, your toils and perils hard  
For you had merited more proud reward ;  
When six long years of danger and of doubt  
Ye battled with the deep your unknown route,  
His storms, his surges, and his icebergs vast,  
His seven-fold frozen barriers which ye passed ;  
His treacherous tides which hurried you afar,  
And horrid shores where wildest went his war,  
Till desolate, dejected, and forlorn,  
Homeless and hopeless, weary and way-worn,  
Your ships to greedy ocean left a prey,  
Your fainting comrades sinking day by day,  
Ye reached the shores of the Hesperian main,  
And found your perils but renewed again.  
There, on thy desert banks, great Thlew-ee-choh ! (*c.*)  
Haunt of the skin-clad, wandering Esquimaux,  
The savage saw, and marvelled to behold,  
The unburied white man mummied in the cold,  
The last encampment, and the tokens dread  
Of the last sufferings of the famished dead.

Would fancy paint the last one of the few  
Who to this last long halt had struggled through ?—  
'Tis May in that inhospitable clime—  
In other lands a glad and joyous time ;  
But there the northern blast is killing keen,  
In the clear air the frost-rime sparkles sheen,  
The deep-driven snow-wreath scorns the noontide beam,  
The thick, gnarled ice locks fast the scanty stream ;  
Unharm'd the ptarmigan is seen to fly,

The timid reindeer bounds unheeded by,  
The last but one has laid him down to die ;  
And he, the last, no longer will he dare  
One struggle more for life against despair :  
The corse, half-buried in the faithless snow,  
He sinks beside it, 'neath his tide of woe ;  
His limbs are black with scurvy's poison dirc,  
His bowels gnawed with famine's scorching fire,  
His cheek is wasted, hollow, gaunt, and thin,  
And the disordered brain reels wild within.  
Leed from the Pole comes keen the blast of night,  
And breathes upon the numbed and shivering wight ;  
He chills and stiffens with a moaning sigh,  
Upturns and glares transfixed the sightless eye.  
The night-winds howl among the rocks, and sift  
O'er the sad scene the fast-collecting drift ;  
There stands the tent deserted ; there the fire  
Where the last embers wearily expire ;  
There the last kettle——but we draw the veil  
O'er the last horrors of the harrowing tale.

Roll on thy fitful floods, grim Thlew-ee-choh !  
Which to the depths of Polar darkness flow !  
Roll on thy rugged course where cataracts sweep  
With mighty roarings o'er the rocky steep !  
When Winter, throned upon his terrors, reigns  
O'er stony hills, bleak woods, and snowy plains,  
Seals up thy curdling flood from shore to shore,  
And fast congeals the cataract in its roar,  
Silent and sluggish roll thy oozing wave  
Threading the darkness of the icy cave  
All through the howling wilderness of snow,  
And Boreas' rule repudiating thy flow !

When the glad Spring outpours her short-lived balm  
To solve the rigour of the Arctic realm,  
And Summer shines its little day of life,  
Then, awful river, gird thee for the strife !  
Rouse up thy sleeping streams ! thy floods recall !  
Unloose the frozen barriers of the fall !  
Summon thy tributaries, that they pour  
Their liquefying waters from each shore !  
Then shake thy hoary torrents as they rise !  
With one wild shudder rend grim Winter's ice ! (*f.*)  
Dash the disrupted fragments of his might  
From thy disdainful bosom ! pile them white  
And craggy on thy floods, and hurl them then,  
With hideous roaring, to the Arctic main,  
While, thundering o'er thy falls, thy cataracts swell  
And foam tumultuous with the howl of hell !  
Bray the blue iceberg plunging in the war,  
And fill with spoil thy brimming banks afar !  
Until devouring ocean gorges all  
Thy frantic floods have gathered in their fall !  
Roll thus, thou mighty river ! ever roll  
In dismal grandeur toward the icy Pole !  
Thy sound shall echo o'er the wanderer's grave,  
And chime his dirge to ocean's sighing wave.  
While sun and moon shall measure months and years,  
And Arctic stars gleam from their marble spheres,  
Time's onward march shall speed its course in vain  
To win thy realm from desolation's reign.  
There let the ravening bear and wild fox roam,  
And the gaunt wolf howl horrid in his home,  
The owl hoot doleful from the pine-tree tall,  
And the shrill jay scream loud its plaining call !  
No more of life that wilderness can boast,

Cramped with the cold of unrelenting frost. (g.)

Blow, blow, ye ice-armed tempests, in your might,  
And clothe the joyless wilderness in white !  
Breathe on the palsied streamlet as ye go,  
And wreath the pine-tree in its garb of snow,  
Where it stands still, like melancholy ghost  
Of some way-wanderer stiffened in the frost !  
Sweep swiftly o'er the surface of the lake,  
And pile the drift-ice in your stagnant wake !  
Howl in your flight o'er mountain, wood, and wold,  
And chill them with your horrors cold, cold, cold !  
Gloom in thy shivering garb, thou desert drear,  
And beard the storm stern, sullen, and severe,  
And triumph o'er the conquest thou hast made—  
The lonely grave where the lost wanderer's laid.  
Laugh thy derision, cold, compassionless !  
Exult and glory o'er his last distress !  
No more he cares for thy despotic reign,  
Thy withering thrall, thy perils, and thy pain ;  
He sleeps serene beneath thine angry war,  
Wept by his own, though lost and severed far.

O Thou who holdest ocean in Thy hand,  
And send'st Thy clouds and cold o'er sea and land !  
Whose promised aid to the distressed is sure,  
'Mid earthquake's throes and ocean's rage secure,  
Thy love beheld the helpless wanderer's woe  
When no fond eye could pity there bestow ;  
'Twas Thine alone, Thy favour to console  
With hope eternal his despairing soul  
When, clasped his hands in anguish and dismay,  
His heart besought what lips refused to pray,

And floods of grace instilled a soothing balm,  
The fainting heart and troubled soul to calm.  
We dare not doubt that while gaunt famine scowled,  
And o'er the shivering scene the death-blast howled,  
When images of loved ones rose and glared,  
Like ghosts, in every bush that starkly stared  
From shroud of snow, when in delirium's pain,  
Ere grinning madness had usurped the brain,—  
We dare not doubt that faith sent up the cry  
And wafted prayer unto the throne on high,  
Triumphant on a blessed hope assured  
Which soared above the sufferings they endured;  
Nay ! but the veriest scoffer sin has known,  
Will know his Maker when with God alone.

What is this sea ? This wide and wavy sea ?  
This glorious mirror of sublimity ?  
This vast profound of pure cerulean deeps  
Which hidden store of countless wonders keeps ?  
This boundless waste of blue, and mist, and gloom,  
Of tempest, terror, darkness, and of doom ?  
This tumult of unceasing sound and motion ?  
This ever-sighing, ever-heaving ocean ?  
Can it be framed of gross material mould,  
In all its might and mystery manifold ?  
Much more like essence spiritual, I trow !  
Its pliant waters in their subtle flow  
We cannot wound, nor dimple, nor divide,  
Scarless as æther the transparent tide ;  
And yet, withal, thou kythest stern and rude,—  
A fitful temper thine and sullen mood,  
For thou dost vex thyself to fury dire  
When warring tempests challenge thee to ire,

Rasping thy floods ; and, as a wayward child  
Beats his own bosom in his wailings wild,  
Thou, in thine agony of fruitless might,  
Dost lash thy breast with thine own surges white.

Again, what saith this sea ?—“ Presumptuous man !  
Canst thou control me, or my limits span ?  
Canst thou descend into mine ocean deeps  
To search the mysteries of my hidden keeps ?  
Or from my chambers dark canst thou recall  
One clutch, one gasp, one shriek, one groan, of all  
The agonies o'er which my waves have closed  
And hushed, from graves where they have since reposed ?  
My goings mark me for a power divine,  
An emblem of thy Maker; and 'tis thine,  
With secret awe, to listen to the noise  
Of many waters as the Eternal's voice ;  
Like Him I claim thy homage to my will,  
And mock the proudest triumphs of thy skill ;  
Like His, my goings forth who can declare ?  
Or dictate whom I may devote or spare ?  
O child of earth ! if thou couldst once behold  
The charnels of earth's children which I hold  
Within my cold dark waters, thou wouldst pale  
Before the ghastly sight, thy flesh would quail  
With curdling horror, and thy rigid frame  
Would chill to stone, and stare, as stares the same  
From some grey cliff on my devouring vast,  
As long as ocean, earth, and time would last.”

While the great sun his glorious path shall trace  
Through the vast regions of eternal space,  
And this our globe, revolving on its poles,

Shall circle round him as he flames and rolls,  
Thy waters, ocean ! o'er its faee shall flow,  
Sighing and sounding as they glance and go  
Onward, still onward, like the course of time,  
As they have wandered since creation's prime.  
In thy great deep one half of all man's schemes,  
His insane darings, and his idle dreams,  
Lie dashed to naught, as they had never been ;  
And yet no blot on thy pure brow is seen.  
Thy bosom has been stained with battles red,  
Thy surges strewed, thine eddies choked, with dead ;  
Ofttimes, since, fierce in combat, ancient Greece  
Strove with the Persians' might at Salamis,  
Fleets thunder-girt have swept thy heaving breast.  
And noised destruction 'mid thy wild unrest ;  
The dead start up, and many an honoured name,  
Rayed with the halo of undying fame,  
Re-lights its lustre when we call to mind  
The havoc war has to thy waves consigned :  
Egypt !—Aboukir !—Nelson !—Elsinore !—  
Trafalgar's carnage swallowed in thy roar.  
Yet thou hast blanched the crimson from thy foam,  
And roll'st unsullied as thy wont to roam.  
Earth from a thousand streams and mouths obscene  
Spues her vile refuse in thy waters clean,  
But thou hast washed thee of her mud and slime,  
And back hast spurned them since the first of time.

And now thou rock'st upon thy waves again  
The proudest fleets that ever pressed the main,  
Which bear their thunder 'gainst the darkest foe  
Whose giant arms e'er threatened to o'erthrow  
The tower of freedom, and to blast the earth

With withering thraldom's cold consuming dearth ;  
And though yet half begun their arduous toil,  
Thou hast already largely shared the spoil :  
The Euxine, in one moody fit of rage,  
Has gorged its thousands with a dark presage ;  
What thousands more, before the strife shall close,  
Shall glut thy bowels Heaven only knows.  
Yet all, when war shall riot out his space,  
Can never change one feature of thy face,  
But thou shalt roar, and round the world shalt roam  
Untired, untarnished, till the end shall come,  
When flames shall kindle in the scorching sky  
And lick thy floods and depths of azure dry ;  
When thou shalt render up thy countless dead  
To the last trumpet's sound of summons dread,  
Thy waves, thy wanderings, and thy deeds of doom,  
Shall all be cancelled in creation's tomb !

If man, when clothed with immortality,  
And crowned with glory 'mid the thrones on high,  
Can view from far those utmost orbs that shine  
In this vast universe, O Father ! thine ;  
Or, borne on wings of holy rapture, fly  
To scan the depths of its infinity ;  
When earth on this corrupting clay is cast,  
And to the world of spirits I have passed,  
My soul, new-born, and ransomed from the grave  
By Him who came to seek, and died to save,  
Would soar unbounded through the fields of space  
God's mighty works and wonderful to trace.  
How strange to hover round the solar spheres  
And mark that bound which hidden yet appears !  
Illumed with radiance of eternal light,

Survey each planet in its circling flight,  
Draw near to earth and pierce her humid haze  
Refulgent with the sun's reflected blaze,  
View her wide boundaries—a whirling ball,  
Her hills and valleys, tribes and cities all,  
And thee, great sea ! now rolling in thy might,  
A straggling pool, and shining glassy white,  
As with thine arms thou clasp'st the girded globe,  
Garmented gladly with thy liquid robe,  
Whose spotless fringe thy foamy margin's seen,  
Its rich embroidery thine islands green !

But whither would my flight of fancy stray ?  
And whither tends my wide ethereal way ?  
The doom of earth and all that's bright therein,  
Of sun, and moon, and all the stars that shine,  
Is written in the roll of Heaven's decrees ;  
How awe-struck he who their dissolving sees !  
When conflagration direful shall absorb,  
Or power unseen project each shivered orb  
Afar in ruins through the wilds of space,  
And quench the light rejoicing on its face !  
What though the shaft be winged and on its way  
Through æther hurrying hither day by day,  
Whose dread collision when the end is come,  
Shall dash the erashing spheres to kindling doom,  
That earth shall reel and stagger to the shock,  
And, terror-stricken, hide her face in smoke ;  
Her floods convulsed shall quake and flee aghast,  
Her isles and mountains melt in chaos vast ;  
Rolled like a scroll the heavens shall haste away  
And night eternal quench the light of day !

Enough! I would but add a closing strain  
To this rude offering to the mighty main :  
I've dared its wonders searchless and sublime,  
And tracked its wanderings to the verge of time,  
Rolling round earth in might and majesty,  
All yet unimaged its immensity,  
Unless infinitude's unseen abyss  
Can symbol its dread, boundless mightiness.  
Thou, who thus far hast listened to my lay,  
And followed me my wild and 'wilder' way,  
I leave thee not by ocean's sounding shore,  
To muse on his impenetrable roar,  
But I will leave thee, lonely, solemnly,  
Here on the confines of eternity,  
Where thou canst view the universe outspread  
In its infinity and mystery dread,  
And mark the workings of Eternal Mind,  
Things which the Everlasting has designed.

## SEQUEL.

The harp that sung of ocean wild

The bard would now unstring,  
Just as a wayward, wanton child  
Casts off some joyless thing.

I snatched it from the ocean's foam

To tune my strange wild song,  
When feelings young were fresh in bloom,  
And gushing fervour strong.

But now the fire has faded out,

The voice has passed away,  
And callous feelings cling about  
This heart, in cold decay.

The hand that wandered o'er its strings  
Is wearied with their thrill ;  
Its melody's imaginings  
No longer wile the will.

To thee, great deep ! I render back  
The tinkling tuneless lyre ;  
And, in the hum thy waters make,  
Let its last sounds expire !

Not all that fancy's flight can reach,  
Or thought's vast range explore,  
Can image thee, or utter speech  
Like thine undying roar.

I leave thee nenee thy strains to tell  
In thine own ceaseless sound,—  
Those teeming harmonies that swell  
Thine anthem's peal profound.

I linger, spell-bound, by the shore,  
And gaze upon the waves ;—  
Adieu ! and revel in thy roar,  
Thou Babylon of graves !

The faded fire may kindle yet,  
The voice that's fled return ;  
This heart, with feelings chilled beset,  
With fervour yet may burn.

But never more shall sound again  
That harp whose wires are dumb ;  
Lost in the ever-sounding main,  
And by his voice o'ercome.

When fire and feeling, roused again,  
Come welling from the heart,  
And wile the bard to wake his strain  
And tempt the magic art,

I'll seize a lyre of lighter frame,  
And sing of all things bright,  
While nature can afford an aim,—  
One joy to give delight.

NOTES.

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A. (*page 2, line 28.*)

It is only a matter of conjecture whether those stars which from time to time, in the history of astronomy, have appeared for a time in situations in the heavens where they were not previously visible, or have disappeared from those places where they were once known to shine, are actually new creations and annihilations; or whether the peculiar course of their orbit is such as to withdraw them from the scope of those which appear visible from the sphere which we inhabit. Be this as it may, the facts as they stand are sufficient for the purposes of poetry.

B. (*p. 3, l. 20.*)

The theory of the plurality of worlds has, of late, been sufficiently contested by some of the greatest philosophers of the age, with the result of leaving the question still open to render the author quite excusable for his scepticism on this point.

C. (*p. 14, l. 24.*)

The author has passed some years in those regions of North America, the uninterrupted rigour of whose winter endures from October to May, and has often had opportunities of surveying the nocturnal heavens when the thermometer stood  $30^{\circ}$  or even  $40^{\circ}$  below zero of Fahrenheit. The peculiar intensely cold aspect presented by the starry vault, in a still evening in mid-winter, is such as almost defies description; and he is satisfied that the picture is not over-drawn.

## D. (p. 18, l. 2.)

It cannot fail to be perceived that the allusion here made is to the Hudson's Bay Company's indefatigable Arctic discoverer, Dr. John Rae ; who, for the skill and circumspection with which he has conducted the several expeditions which he has commanded, as well as for their fortunate issues, deserves more credit than any other who has attempted discovery on the northern coasts of America.

## E. (p. 18, l. 17.)

The *Thlew-ee-choh*, or “ Great Fish River,” of Captain Back, which falls into the Arctic Ocean. It was near the mouth of this river where the Esquimaux described to Dr. Rae the place where they had seen the last encampment of those white men whose reliques proved those of Sir John Franklin and his party.

## F. (p. 20, l. 10.)

The breaking up of an ice-bound river in that season of the year when the dissolving snow of the surrounding country has begun to swell its floods,—even in a plain swampy district such as the author has only witnessed,—is one of the most terrific objects imaginable ; the broad plain of ice, from four to six feet in thickness, which has been a highway all the winter, is gradually raised by the increasing under-current, until it gives way in some one point with a tremendous roar, and the imprisoned waters break loose ; they rush onwards towards the sea, braying the ice to pieces as the torrents, black with mud, force their way downward, crashing along with the disrupted fragments tossed and piled in awrful confusion, and with a noise as of a legion of thunders ; their strength increases as they career along, until the river overflows its banks, or tosses up on its borders masses of ice of several tons in weight. What then must the scene be in a rugged and mountainous country such as traversed by the lakes, windings, and cascades of the Thlew-ee-choh ?

G. (p. 21, l. 1.)

The limited number of species of living creatures which winter in those frozen countries, is one of their most remarkable features. In the 57th degree of N. latitude, where the writer for some time sojourned, the reindeer, the grey wolf, the fox, the beaver, the marten, the rabbit, ermine, and mouse,—whose tiny track over a snow-wreath in quest of the seeds from the projecting tops of the swamp-grass, is often conspicuous,—comprise the principal quadrupeds; and among birds the ptarmigan, the great-horned owl, (*Stryx Virginianus*), the raven, the whisky-jack (*Garrulus Cunadensis*), the titmouse, and the sparrow, hold undisputed sway among the snow-covered pine trees, until the brighter sun of April begins to prepare a way for the pine-grosbeak and a few other earlier harbingers of unawakened spring.

SKETCHES  
OF A  
VOYAGE TO HUDSON'S BAY.

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[ON the 27th day of June, 1845, I embarked at Stromness in the Hudson's Bay Company's ship "Prince Rupert," bound to York Factory, Hudson's Bay. Having kept a slender journal of the daily events of the voyage from the time of my embarkation in Cairston Roads until I landed, six weeks after, on the swamps of Hayes River, where York Factory stands propped on wooden platforms, I was afterwards induced, by the tedium of the long winter evenings which I passed in that locality, to turn my journal to some account; and I employed myself in versifying the scenes through which I had passed, which from their unusual character were much more fitted to afford fresh poetical imagery than any ordinary voyage of plain sailing. Crossing the Atlantic, and witnessing the mighty ocean in its various moods; reaching the regions of drift-ice, and cruising among the icebergs; threading the mazy windings of

the ice-encumbered and tide-swept Hudson's Straits; and forcing a passage across the no less cumbered waters of the great Hudson's Bay, which is as large as the German Ocean, were altogether a romance of themselves, and rendered the six weeks occupied in the voyage the pleasanter part of those years which I spent in my pilgrimage to the fur countries.]

## I.

Home of my childhood ! I have loved thee more  
 Since I have wandered from thy stubborn strand  
 Than I had ever dreamed I loved before [mand ;  
 Those things of joy which youth's bright days com-  
 In this cold, cheerless, and unmountained shore, (a)  
 I've wearied through four summers as they waned,  
 And have not seen a daisy, nor the lea,  
 Nor heard the soaring skylark's carol blithe and free.

## II.

The yellow primrose neither have I seen,  
 Nor the bright golden clusters of the broom,  
 Nor the gay meadow in its garb of green,  
 Nor the dun heather with its purple bloom ;  
 Nought but the pine-swamp which o'erspreads the scene  
 Unchallenged in 'ts monotony of gloom ;  
 Nor have I gazed on the unsullied sea  
 Glad wandering along in all its freshness free.

## III.

The staring *aster*, and the *golden rod*,  
 The *orchis* red, and *cypripedium* white,  
 The *willow herb* that decks the mossy sod  
 Where *cloudbERRIES* and *wintergreens* unite,

And all the gaudy hues of wild flowers proud,  
 Can never charm me like the daisy bright ;  
 Nor can the whistling *robin's* matin lay  
 Wake up emotions like the lark at dawn of day.

## IV.

One dull unvaried prospect reigns around,  
 The pine-swamp's spires thick serried on the sky ;  
 The ear is wearied with the ceaseless sound  
     Of the great river as it wallows by  
 With all its might of mud, its foulness drowned  
     In the sea-wave, afar beyond the eye,  
 Whose murmur has not thrilled into my soul  
 These four long years ; nor have I seen its waters roll.

## V.

And said I then that poesy was lost,  
 Its theme exhausted, its inspiring o'er,  
 When on the faithless deep no longer tossed ;  
     And I should woo the wayward muse no more  
 When on thy bleak, inhospitable coast,  
     Wild Rupert's land ! thou joyless desert shore !  
 I looked around with disappointed eye  
 For wonted wavy hills limned blue upon the sky :

## VI.

I loved the blue hills from my childhood's days,  
 Cloud-capt or clear they had a charm for me ;  
 Upon their giant forms I loved to gaze,  
     And from their heights to look upon the sea.  
 In their wild landscape I had wokē my lays,  
     And dreamed my early dreams of poesy ;  
 They had been part of my existence long,  
 And this unvaried prospect seemed no land of song.

## VII.

Vain thought and idle ! Long the muse's spell  
Had all my heart in its enchantment bound,  
And held it fast, the power I could not tell ;  
Enough for me the soft effect I found,  
And musing sat by inspiration's well ;  
Nor had the sun performed his annual round,  
Sporting the changes of this varying clime,  
Until I found a theme to win the words to rhyme.

## DEPARTURE.

Toward the wide ocean and its wonders dread  
My youthful fancy has been often led ;  
This dream of ocean's now fulfilled to me—  
I'm on the waters of the weird old sea !  
The yards are manned, the fluttering canvas falls,  
And wide expands amid sonorous calls ;  
Heaving the anchor home, the stalwart tars  
Bend o'er their handspikes, while hoarse rattling jars  
The jaded windlass-pawl, as still and slow  
Up to her buoy she walks with “yo ! heave ho !”  
The anchor's home, the sails are sheeted fast,  
The yards are braced, her head is seaward cast ;  
Let fall the courses ! give her ample sway !  
Heave down the helm ! our ship is under way.  
Seaward ! away ! her ocean course she keeps,  
And seeks the desert of the pathless deeps.  
Land of my birth ! it was a summer day,  
The joyous earth was green, and glad, and gay ;  
The air was balm ; the water's placid breast  
Resplendent shone in glittering sunbeams dressed,  
When to each hill and valley, isle and bay,  
I bade farewell ! and went my pilgrim way.

There is a spell-wrought lightness of the heart  
Which scenes exciting pleasingly impart  
Even to the grave when mingling with the gay  
Between the acts of life's dramatic way:  
The mind relaxes from the act that's done  
And takes a range ere a new act's begun.  
The sun is hastening to the western wave  
His glowing sphere in ocean's blue to lave,  
Where the horizon's bright and amber hue  
Fires with its rays the flood. Once more, adieu !  
The sun is set, and twilight steals around ;  
But the light ripple of the keel no sound  
Disturbs the solemn silence : let me gaze  
Upon my island home with light's last rays !  
While fast its hills are fading from my sight,  
Garbed in the gathering gloom of eastern night,  
Or sunk beneath the circumscribing zone  
Of vision ; Hoy's dark beetling cliffs alone  
Stand forth in bold relief amid the gloom ;  
Grim o'er the deep his frowning sea-fronts loom,  
And, towering o'er his fellows, steep and high,  
Lord of the isles, he rears his majesty.  
His haunted dells and shores renowned of eild  
Gave birth to many a tale of wonder wild,  
When from his northern home the sea-king came  
And won realms by the terror of his name.

THE STACK. (*b*)

Now, towering upright from the azure plain,  
A lonely rock commands the weltering main ;  
A beacon placed by Heaven to mark his track,  
The sailor blesses Him who reared the Stack ;  
Bare, bold, and steep, the solan's craggy home,

It stands unmoved when ocean chafes to foam,  
And braves unscathed wild winter's angry shock,  
Though lashed by monster billows, that lone rock.  
Far to the left, in grandeur wild and dread,  
Each giant mountain lifts its cloudy head ;  
Hill linked to hill trends Scotland's northern coast  
Far to the west, and shade by shade is lost.

## ADIEU.

Adieu ! adieu ! ye summits blue,  
Fast fading in the gloom !  
My heart is wrung to breathe it too  
As 't were a word of doom.

Bound to a stranger clime severe  
My bark is on the sea,  
She walks the wave in proud career ;  
The breeze is fair and free.

Farewell ! farewell ! I dare not tell  
What dark forebodings rise ;  
I fear not ocean billow's swell,  
I fear not troubled skies ;

I fear not desert shores and bleak,  
Nor winter's dreary reign,  
But I fear the ties that death may break  
Ere I return again.

My native land ! I quit thy strand  
In no resentful mood ;  
My fortunes past I may not brand,—  
I wrong thee if I would.

Nor aliened by thy sterner clime,  
 For fairer skies I roam ;  
 I love thee for that very crime,  
 My own, my island home !

But, self-exiled, I seek the wild,  
 A wilder shore than thine—  
 And why ? 'tis destiny leads her child ;  
 I bow to her design.

My strain is hushed ; the cliffs of Hoy  
 Have faded from my view ;  
 And darkness foils my aching eye—  
 My island home, adieu !

## REFLECTIONS.

There is a charm in scenes of early days  
 On which awakened memory loves to gaze ;  
 The land that gave us birth, the natal spot,  
 Dim, dream-like shades of childhood ne'er forgot ;  
 The fields, and flowers, and summer skies appear  
 Like visioned creatures of some fairer sphere ;  
 The objects which were wont to fix the eye ;  
 The dark hill limned upon the clear blue sky,  
 And every changing cloud that glided by,  
 Seemed part of our existence ; and a scene  
 Reft of those forms, seems strange, howe'er serene .  
 Where are the gay young hearts with whom I shared  
 Those childish joys, as gladsome forth we fared ?  
 There was a time—the holiday of life—  
 Ere sterner passions had begun their strife,  
 When all was calm within, without sublime,  
 A cheerful band we hailed the summer's prime,

Brothers and sisters; and a parent's eye  
Was wistful of our nameless destiny.  
Shall I rehearse—ah! melancholy thought!—  
The changes which a few short years have brought?  
Eleven are not; ten with their mother rest  
Within the house that holds the silent guest;  
One sleeps, uncoffined, in the western wave,  
Dirged by the whirlwind to an unknown grave.

## BARRA. (c.)

'Tis morn; and, merging from the hazy west,  
Light broken showers sail o'er the ocean's breast;  
And seaward now an object draws the eye:  
Lone Barra's steep in hoary majesty  
Towers from the flood and frowns. Eternal rock,  
Man's mortal destiny thy white cliffs mock;  
Fixed for long ages on thy stubborn base,  
What footstamps of thy history can we trace?  
What dread convulsion of the groaning earth,  
What subterranean throes, gave thee thy birth?  
Didst thou start rigid from the weedy deep?  
Or wast thou hurled from some rent mountain steep  
With awful plunge, and hadst thy place assigned  
Among those island sentinels, where grind  
And fret in sullen mood the angry tides;  
Thou spurn'st the billows from thy rugged sides,  
While at thy base they writhe, and dash their spray  
In idle rage o'er thine abutments grey?  
Above thine element hadst thou thy place  
Ere the great flood submersed our primal race?  
Or didst thou first uprear thy craggy head  
When the wild waves retired to ocean's bed?  
'Tis vain to ask;—the Almighty hand, which there

Revealed thy craggy brow rifted and bare,  
Fixed thy foundations in the searchless deep,  
And on thy site mysterious can thee keep ;  
And thou shalt stand, thou ocean pyramid !  
Till by the veil of age the sun is hid.  
And thou hast tenants in thy turrets old  
Whose thousands undisputed tenures hold  
Among thy shelving cliffs ; the sea-bird wild  
Has fixed her eyrie in thy fortress eild,  
And there, secure within its fastness rude,  
O'er sighing echoes rears her hardy brood ;  
Mark, how they issue from each rocky cave,  
Or from on high drop down into the wave,  
Dive for their prey into the blue profound,  
And rising, sail in lazy cireles round,  
Skim o'er the deep, and kiss the crested foam ;  
And with loud clamour hover o'er their home.  
O God of nature ! how Thy glories shine  
In all this wondrous providence of Thine !

RONA. (*d.*)

Next a dark mass the ocean haze divides,  
And Rona's isle reveals its naked sides ;  
A citadel which ocean's terrors lock,  
And bulwarks of impenetrable rock ;  
Around its shores the white waves flashing dance  
As o'er the deep the brisker gales advance.  
Is there an eye that looks from Rona's shore  
Over the wild Atlantic's sullen roar ?  
How must the white sail wandering o'er the deep  
Gladden his sight, as, gazing from the steep,  
The desert-born, the ocean mist-cloud's child,  
Feasts on the scene, from all the world exiled.

Adieu ! thou bleak and tempest-beaten isle !  
May the dark shadow of thy misty pile  
Still warn the mariner to shape his course  
Aloof from thy wild crags and halyers sounding hoarse !

## CAPE WRATH.

Gloomy and grand, and frowning through a shower,  
Cape Wrath's dark sea-cliffs in the distance lower.  
The horrent headland, ah ! what ruin dire  
Has he beheld in ocean's day of ire !  
Ha ! mystic temple of the Celtic seer !  
Thou hast scowled down with spiteful demon leer,  
And, in the roaring of thy hollow eaves,  
Hast laughed to see the frenzy of the waves  
Work wild destruction on the shattered bark  
Tossed by the tempest in the starless dark,  
When the Atlantic's broad and swelling sweep  
With his whole raving might has stormed thy steep !  
And even now when summer's favouring breeze  
Bears the glad vessel joyful o'er the seas,  
Through thine array of clouds and summits sear,  
Thou look'st as stern and sullenly severe  
As if the spirit of thy wild domain  
Moodily champed his ire-controlling chain,  
And frowned that gentler gales disarmed his wrath  
And bore the bark so merrily on her path.

## THE HEBRIDES.

Cape Wrath retires into his mists again,  
And darkness shrouds the Caledonian main.  
Still on we glide, and ere the set of sun,  
The far outlying Hebrides are won ;  
Azure and clear their mountain ridges rise,

Mingling their rugged grandeur with the skies.  
Daring its bold front to the Northern Main  
The Butt of Lewis terminates the chain :  
Well is it named ; its hard and scatheless brow  
Has proved the butt of many an ocean blow.  
But its last peak has sunk beneath the sea,  
And wide the wilderness sublimity  
Expands around, as night descends again  
With sombre shadows in her eastern train ;  
Far to the left some clustered islets lie  
Like looming meteors poised 'twixt sea and sky.

## MORNING—ST. KILDA.

Now, freshly glittering o'er the watery wold,  
Comes more resplendent with Eöan gold ;  
The sunbeams, dancing o'er the sparkling sea,  
Portray a bright and living galaxy ;  
How sweetly fair ! how silently serene !  
How robed in beauties ravishing the scene !  
How winning bright the day, and how sublime !  
One of those beauty-spots which stray through time,  
Few and remote, yet, by a magic power,  
Cling to the soul through many an after hour,  
Which come so seldom, and depart so soon,  
Like meteor-glimpses of a clouded moon.  
It was a dream-like vision of the sea,  
And redolent of Nature's poetry :  
The dying breeze had sung itself to sleep ;  
No ripple moved upon the glassy deep ;  
The lightest vapour hung not in the sky,  
Nor floated on th' horizon ; and the eye  
Soared through the searchless depths of æther blue,  
While dazzling beams lent glory to the view ;

And, all around, no object could be seen  
In sunlit sea and space to mar their sheen,  
Save where afar, so beautifully clear,  
St. Kilda's isles their jagged summits rear,  
And, towering grandly o'er the calm serene,  
Lend a wild feature to the chaster scene.  
Fantastic crags that topple o'er the deep,  
Yet, still unmoved, your mid-air station keep !  
Temples of Nature's architecture, where  
The elements their Maker's praise declare !  
How wonderful the wisdom and the might  
Which fixed profound your everlasting site !  
Column, and arch, and vaulted aisle abound  
With worshippers ; the songs of praise resound  
From murmuring ocean, from the echoing cave,  
The blasts which through the rifted turrets rave,  
And clamorous legions of the feathered race  
Which, in those fanes, have fixed their dwelling-place.

## SABBATH NOON.

'Tis Sabbath noon—oh ! what untroubled rest  
Has the Creator on his works impressed !  
Obedient to Omnipotence's will,  
The restive, warring elements are still ;  
Even the wild sea-mew, resting on the deep  
With wing-wrapped head, floats silent and asleep.  
The wings of silence on the waters brood ;  
The bark is cradled in the elastic flood,  
Fair as a dimple merged in beauty's smile ;  
Stately and trim, erect, a towering pile  
Her snow-white pyramid of canvas shows—  
But not a breath th' extended sheets enclose—  
And the loose sail, reclining on the spar,

Hangs like a curtain in the stirless air.  
The night-breeze now is whispering from the east,  
And darkening ocean's gold-illumined breast,  
As from the temple of her orient caves,  
In pensive sadness stealing o'er the waves,  
The silent spirit of revolving night  
Pursues the day-beam in its lingering flight.  
Unlash the helm ! the steersman takes his post ;  
The ship moves onward like a silent ghost,  
Erect and tall, and noiselessly divides  
The slippery element through which she glides.  
" Rig out the stun-sail booms !" As soon as heard,  
The nimble spars shoot out from every yard ;  
The hardy tar the aiding canvas bends,  
Aloft in air the fluttering sheet ascends ;  
Then tacked and sheeted to the yielding boom,  
And halyards fixed, it fills its destined room ;  
Thus one by one they mount, and spreading wide,  
The transverse wings extend on either side,  
And, lightly bosomed by the gentle gale,  
She seems a moving pyramid of sail.  
Farewell ! ye shadows of St. Kilda's isles !  
Farewell ! stern grandeur of your mountain piles !  
Your brows empurpled with the twilight's hue,  
Convey the tokens of the last adieu  
Of fatherland ; but, graven on my heart,  
Her dear loved memory shall ne'er depart.  
O God of Nature ! when such glories here  
Among Thy sin-polluted works appear,  
When such bright beauties in Thy steps we trace,  
What splendours must adorn Thy dwelling-place !

## THE DECKS.

Another morn, and still the breeze is fair,  
Serene the skies, and balmy is the air,  
O'er the blue desert, wondrous, waste, and wide,  
As in a dream of loveliness we glide ;  
We seem the centre of a circling zone  
O'ercanopied by an ethereal dome,  
Yet, far as through the wilderness we stretch,  
No nearer to its moving verge we reach.  
But while through these unvaried scenes we glide,  
Borne on the broad Atlantic's summer tide,  
I'll try to work into my rambling strain  
Some features of our dwelling on the main.  
The watch on deck beneath the boatswain's sway  
Calls our attention first this easy day.  
Here Jack, and Jem, and Bob, and Tom, and Ben—  
There chieftain growling every now and then—  
Tar to the elbows, loose-robed limbs astride,  
Are ranged beneath the long-boat's sunny side,  
Picking and tarring, spinning yarns of oakum  
(For Jack has other *yarns*, too, and can croak 'em),  
Or weaving gaskets—thousands, you'll perceive,  
Of jobs which tar and rope-yarn can achieve;  
The boatswain pipes his whistle—"Watch ahoy !  
Eight bells! heave out!" "Grog, ho!" 's the hue and cry;  
The watch below stretch, yawn, and rub their eyes,  
And crawling up, each to the main hatch hies,  
Where Joe, the steward, waits with can and glass,  
And doles out each his potion, as they pass,  
Of strong Jamaica; with complacency  
Jack takes it, eyes its bright transparency,  
And with a gesture studied to acquire  
(To ape which the apprentice boys aspire),

To's eager lips conveys the pungent dose,  
And, dashed within, at one gulp down it goes ;  
Then draws his tarry sleeve across his mouth,  
And swaggers to his post with gait uncouth.  
Mark next the galley ! and the cook survey  
In all his soup-concocting majesty :  
In steam enveloped, to the elbows bared,  
Ladle and hook in hand, and neither spared,  
Probes, turns, and covers, opens, turns again,  
While the vexed pea-soup bubbles up amain ;  
A pudding here, and there a sauce prepares,  
Pokes up the coppers, sweats, and storms, and swears.  
In grated coops, the galley ranged around,  
His prisoners lie in dreadful durance bound,  
And from their cribs survey with wondering eyes  
These awful culinary mysteries ;  
Wise pigs, with idiot geese, and ducks, and hens,  
Endure their own emotions and suspense ;  
Geese squint and gabble, ducks turn up their eyes,  
Fowls shake their heads, and pigs philosophize  
With listening ears, or, touched with anguish sore,  
In sympathising accents squeal and roar ;  
While in full chorus all the poultry train  
In various notes of discord dire complain.

## FRESH BREEZE AND FAIR WIND.

Onward ! away ! the breeze is fresh and free,  
White roll the wave-crests merrily o'er the sea ;  
And merrily, merrily wings the ship her way  
Like a sea-bird rejoicing in the spray ;  
Full bosomed out the trembling canvas swells  
And through the surge th' unwieldy hulk impels ;  
The parted waves a passing impress take,

And phalanx-like expands her eddying wake.  
Oh ! for a soul of flame, and song of fire,  
To wake the wild notes of the ocean lyre !  
What thousand gushing glad emotions rise !  
What meteor glories glance before the eyes !  
Oh, what a flow of unsurpassed delight  
To feel the motion of her fearless flight !  
On light-winged ecstasies the spirits soar,  
Filled with sensations mind cannot explore.  
Mark but the hardy mariner and rude :  
He grows not careless even by habitude,  
But as he bends him o'er the subtle helm,  
Guiding her passage o'er the misty realm,  
What fire is kindled in his haggard eye !  
How gleams each rugged feature gladsomely  
As lustily he heaves the stubborn wheel,  
And marks his ship th' unerring impulse feel.  
What exultations revel in his breast  
When as she mounts the rolling billow's crest !  
And, as the joyous gale pipes shrill and clear,  
The cordage sound is music to his ear.  
As gathering night with sombre shadows falls  
The clouds look sullen, and portending squalls,  
Or lurid glaring shed a sickly light,  
Fired by the sunbeam as he sinks from sight. [spring,  
“ All hands ! ” “ Reef topsails ! ” up the shrouds they  
And in the foot-ropes fearlessly they swing ;  
The royal-yards sent down, all's snug and tight,  
She walks the wilderness close hauled all night.

## FOUL WIND.

But morn arose and spread a glowing sky,  
And adverse breezes vapourless and dry

Sprung from the idle throes of cloudy night,  
With gladsome seas in white and azure dight ;  
Shake out the reefs, and give her ample sail,  
And let her breast it close upon the gale !  
Away she fetches on the starboard tack  
Stemming the surge ; the shrouds and cordage crack ;  
She proudly leans along with foaming sweep,  
And stretches far upon the restive deep ;  
She walks to windward like a thing that knows  
Inborn volition, so superb she goes ;  
No ! not the white sea-mew, that wings its flight  
Around and o'er thee on its pinions light,  
Seems more at ease and unrestrained in air  
Than thou careering in thy power there !  
Ha ! how the rolling billow sweeps along,  
Parts on her prow, and with a merry song  
Goes dancing down beneath her bulging side,  
While o'er its swell she rises in her pride !  
She seems no offspring of the heaveless shore,  
But some fond nursing mother ocean bore ;  
In her magnificence of beauty dressed,  
She sports on her adopted mother's breast.  
“ All hands 'bout ship ! ” she edges round ;—they shout,  
“ Let go, and haul ! ” the yards are braced about,  
Revolving with a whirl, and creak of blocks,  
And canvas flapping, which description mocks :  
Away ! again she spurns the idle spray  
And dashes onward on her pathless way.

## A SAIL.

“ Sail, ho ! sail, ho ! ” Far on the weather bow  
A white speck gleams on the horizon low,  
And, moving swiftly o'er the flowing main,

It seems to shoot up from the watery plain.  
We hail the stranger ; up the ensigns fly,  
And greet the wanderer as she hurries by.  
How beautiful and bright it is to mark,  
On ocean's wilds, the distant passing bark !  
How like a thing of slender gossamer  
She seems to float between the sea and air !  
How delicately thin her texture seems !  
Her sails so gaily flash the fair sunbeams.  
Each shroud and stay, limned on the heaven's blue,  
Seems spun of airy cobwebs to the view.  
And then her motion, uncontrolled and free :  
How like a living mystery of the sea—  
The searchless, wondrous sea, so deep and wide !  
She metes the wave-realm in her graceful pride.  
'Tis beautiful, upon the beetling steep,  
To mark the white-winged wanderer of the deep  
In gallant trim speed o'er the dark profound,  
And melt away where elements confound ;  
But 'tis a nobler and a fairer sight,  
A beauty supereminently bright,  
To watch her on the pathless element,  
So free, so unconfined, so boldly bent  
Upon her Heaven-directed way, and yet  
So lonely and with ambushed storms beset.

## SUNSET.

Now sinks the sun into the ocean bright,  
And rapture kindles at the gorgeous sight,  
Commanding all the ever-varying dreams  
Which fancy paints of summer's sunset beams :  
The gilded radiance, and the lusted hue,  
The thousand glories revelling in the view,

Which, on the vastness of the watery wild,  
When solitude herself has looked and smiled,  
Flash in full splendour o'er the calm serene  
When gazing on an ocean sunset scene.  
In yonder field of yellow lustre clear,  
Fired by the radiance of the atmosphere,  
A cloud hung motionless, its edges tinged  
With gold and purple ; coruscations fringed  
Its streamy border, shooting to the deep,  
Kindled with brilliance in its liquid sleep,  
And from its darker centre where it hung  
A dusky shadow on the waters flung ;  
But all at once a flood of glory gushed  
Through the thin vapour, and tumultuous rushed  
O'er all the brightening scene, of every hue,  
And filled the amphitheatre of view ;  
And o'er the gentle motion of the wave  
The blended tints their iridescence gave,  
While every spot that caught the ray serene  
Gleamed back the glories of the splendid scene,  
Till, in the bosom of the burnished wave,  
The glowing orb sank proudly to his grave.  
The flood of light was past, its glory gone,  
Yet still its witching sweetness lingered on ;  
The fairy gleam along the western sky  
Seemed sable night's advances to defy.  
So when the heart has known a joyous hour,  
And the enraptured soul confessed its power,  
How does its bliss still linger in the mind,  
When joy has vanished like the fickle wind !  
Its visions oft steal back upon the soul,  
And would defy even sorrow's dark control.  
Like to a phantom tall, in stately show,

That haunts the moonbeam silently and slow,  
The towering ship so slow and softly glides  
In silence o'er the everlasting tides.

## SUMMER BREEZES.

Wafted on balmy summer gales and mild,  
Thus did we course the everlasting wild.  
Six times the morning sun rose bright and clear ;  
Six times we saw the fair orb disappear  
Red and resplendent in the amber west,  
And still we spanned the broad Atlantic's breast.  
O'er the profound, careering in her pride,  
The bark marched on, her white wings spreading wide.  
Now soft, now fresh, the joyous breezes blow,  
Now scarcely breathing, so dream-like we go ;  
Now like a bird on noonday frolics bent,  
A thing that sported through her element,  
The lively ship moved on with graceful ease,  
Gently reclining to the voiceless breeze.  
You scarce might know she moved but for the tide,  
Which, murmuring music, rippled by her side ;  
Now even the rippling music died away,  
And still and motionless she seemed to lay,  
While the light airs so gently fanned the vane,  
Its pendant dropped awhile, then flowed again ;  
The transient eddies frisking in her wake,  
As from the languid helm they gently break ;  
And now she seems to start, and briskly skim ;  
As the proud steed essays his nervy limb,  
Erects his head, exulting in his might,  
And spurns the desert in his airy flight,  
So seems the ship, rejoicing in her strength,  
When her wild speed she summons up at length.

Fresh hums the breeze, and revels in the shrouds,  
 And sail on sail the seaman gaily crowds.  
 Onward she tears through the complaining surge,  
 And still her wings her madding frenzy urge,  
 While the long rolling motion, strange and slow,  
 As the big billow undulates below,  
 With glad sensations pleasingly impressed,  
 Stirs up a buoyant feeling in the breast,  
 And woos the soul for ever to retain  
 The strange, wild witchery of the restive main.  
 Oh ! who could make his home upon the billow,  
 And would not love his ship as fondly as his fellow ?

## CHANGE.

'Twas evening of the sixth of those bright days ;  
 The swoln sun shot his horizontal rays,  
 And deeper tinged the haze of dusky red  
 Which spread its curtains round his watery bed,  
 When, swiftly skimming o'er the crested wave,  
 Which aye its dusky bosom seemed to lave,  
 Appeared the little ocean wanderer,  
 Restless and lone, the tempest harbinger.  
 Now rising sidelong on its pointed wings,  
 Then darting through the spray the vessel flings,  
 Then sweeping round, and skimming in her wake,  
 It waves its course all as the billows break ;  
 Nor ever tires, nor seems to wish to rest,  
 But in its dive into the foamy crest.

## THE STORMY PETREL.

## I.

Thou traveller of unwearied wing,  
 What sea-cliff of the north,

Where sullen waves are murmuring,  
Has sent thee wandering forth  
In ceaseless flight upon the deep ?  
Where wilt thou fold thy wing to sleep ?  
Where wilt thou rest thy tiny form ?  
Hast thou no fears so far to stray  
O'er ocean's dark and desert way,  
Thou herald of the storm ?

## II.

Has thine own instinct led thee here  
To walk the billows' foam ?  
Or has the tempest-blast severe  
Compelled thee from thy home ?  
And dost thou seek a guide to trace  
Thy lost way, or a resting-place  
Thy throbbing bosom to repose ?  
Or dost thou linger but to scan  
This prodigy of monster man,  
And scorn'st the ruth he shows ?

## III.

Mysterious little petrel, say  
What chance has brought thee here ?  
Or dost thou mark the tempest's way,  
And wait his wild career ?  
Or is the angry storm-cloud past,  
Its fury spent upon the vast,  
And thou hast made its path thy home,  
To revel in the dainties left,  
From the lashed billow's groanings reft,  
And sport amid the foam ?

## IV.

Proud, captious man ! dost thou not know.  
The Power that formed us both,  
When first He bade the petrel go  
And walk the briny froth,  
Made me to be as happy here  
As the blithe warbler in its sphere,  
Or albatross, with oary feet,  
That rows upon the tropic seas,  
Or spreads his wide wing to the breeze  
In motion grand and fleet ?

## V.

On the wild ocean is my home ;  
My wings are swift and strong ;  
My little foot can press the foam,  
And urge my flight along ;  
I care not for the craggy rock  
That beetles o'er the billows' shock,  
Save but to rear my hardy brood ;  
And there I leave them in His aid  
Who has the little petrel made,  
And roam to seek their food.

## VI.

He who gave thee the skill to form  
Thy fearless, gallant bark,  
Gave me the power to brave the storm  
On ocean's desert dark.  
The treasures of the azure field  
Rich store of choicest dainties yield,  
On which I feed luxuriously ;

And I can rest on yon white wave,  
 And fearless there in slumbers lave,  
 For God takes care for me.

Should thy faith fail, and thou repine,  
 When dark life's storms may be,  
 Still trust thou in that Power Divine,  
 Weak man ! and think of me.  
 Away, away ! I go to skim  
 With glad wing ocean's yeasty brim,  
 And dive into the salt sea-spray ;  
 I'll twitter gaily as the lark,  
 And, while of joy there's left a spark,  
 Ne'er look beyond to-day.

## DRIZZLY WEATHER.

Adieu ! ye dreams of the Atlantic Sea !  
 Ye summer gales and azure scenery !  
 And hail the dreary climes and sullen swell,  
 The dark domain of misty Cape Farewell !  
 Where in mid-time of July's lengthy day  
 Wild winter reigns stern, sunless, grim, and grey.  
 The morning dawned in drizzling glooms and chill ;  
 The rising gale howled with a stubborn will  
 Among the dripping shrouds ; the shaggy wave  
 Looked moodily morose, and aye it gave  
 To the lee-beam an angry lash and loud,  
 As to the gale the yielding vessel bowed.  
 Impenetrable mist, whose density  
 Seemed all but palpable, hung o'er the sea,  
 And from its moisty stores distilled a dew  
 Which, ceasless drizzling, shrouded so the view  
 That from the helm the bowsprit scarce could show,

Or the tall mast-head from the deck below.  
The air it felt so heavy, damp, and chill,  
It seemed the very nerves with ice to fill.  
Jack's in his homely waterproofs to-day :  
The rude "sou'-wester," yellow, black, or grey,  
According to the days it has endured—  
To brave all weathers, wind or wet, assured—  
Is raked from ropes and ex-official shorts,  
Begrimed with tar and oil, and out of sorts ;  
A wipe, a slap, an oath, he claps it on,  
Mounts watch and hums his song, and cares for none ;  
Its broad and pliant brim behind expands,  
And runs down rills of moisture where he stands.  
His jacket, of the same material wrought,  
He huddles on, and thinks his rig "dreadnought."  
The decks are slippery, and the motion rude,  
That one can scarcely walk them if he would ;  
Only those limbs which have been long inured  
To scenes like those, from danger are secured ;  
The sails are black with moisture, and on all  
The drama drenched a deadness seems to fall.

## NIGHT BEFORE A STORM.

It is a strange, romantic realm, the sea—  
A world of its own wonders—and to me  
Imparts a fascination which enwinds  
Itself about the soul, and awes it as it binds.  
Three dreary drizzling days we northward sailed  
Through cloud and gloom, and fog that never failed ;  
Rude and harsh-sounding was the surly wave,  
Although no storm had yet begun to rave.  
'Tis now the evening of the third dark day ;  
The drizzling gale dies sullenly away,

The lazy mist attenuates and retires,  
A 'wilder'd stream of light, and glaring, fires  
The west horizon ; but his disc is dim  
As the sun rolls his chariot to the brim ;  
The heavens are loaded with a solemn gloom,  
And night's faint echoes speak a storm to come.  
Hark to the fitful moaning of the main ;  
How dolefully its chambers dark complain !  
Sighing and sighing through its troubled sleep,  
Wakes in distress the sore o'erburdened deep.  
The voice of many waters in their might,  
In sullen pauses murmurs to the night,  
And aye their distant roarings rise and fall  
With awful sound as deep to deep doth call ;  
Yet not a breath or whisper stirs the air,  
Nor the swoln waves the lightest ripple wear.  
The loose sail flaps against the straining mast,  
As the tossed ship from wave to wave is cast ;  
Th' unbroken billow swells up huge and strong,  
Rolls on its way, and undulates along.  
Now lifted high the bark its summit rides,  
Recumbent next descends its slippery sides,  
Then in the trough she lies a moment still  
While her dark sides spout out the briny rill ;  
Caught up again, and heeling on her side,  
Like to a burden shouldered by the tide,  
She creaks and groans, but, ere the shock is past,  
Recoils, and on her other beam is cast,  
While her prow plunges in the gulf below,  
And the lashed waters white around her flow.

## THE STORM.

Night fell in pensive glooms without a star,  
And ocean still called on his hosts to war.

Red woke the dawn, and lower'd a lurid glare;  
The sun rose fiery from his watery lair  
And hid his face in clouds, as in affright  
At the wild threats of elemental might.  
The day-beam brought the rising eastern gale,  
The dash of foam, the swelling of the sail ;  
And the roused ship, that like a log had lain,  
Began to speed her bounding way again.  
Loud and yet louder howls the rising storm,  
And wilder conflicts sea and sky deform ;  
She dares the billow, like a thing that raves,  
With fearful plunge, and dashes through the waves.  
"All hands!"—and fast the rousing summons flies—  
"All hands! and shorten sail!" the boatswain cries,  
And wildly rings the wanton revelry  
Of the loud winds and waves that thunder by,  
Which seem to toss their foamy tops in scorn  
Of the frail phantom on their ridges borne ;  
While she rushed boldly on, and flung the spray  
In sounding showers on each side of her way.  
Again she lightens, and with prouder bound  
Bears o'er the billow whitening all around,  
Tears through the hissing flood, now rising high,  
And then descending fast and fearfully,  
As the green liquid and transparent wall  
Of billow rears its head high over all.  
And yet the tempest is not at its height ;  
The waves swell up with more majestic might ;  
Still, unrestrained by all that has been wrought,  
She dashes onward as with frenzy fraught.  
"All hands!" resounds again the shrill halloo ;  
"Haul up the courses!"—still she hurries through.  
Soused in the spray, her canvas black with rain,  
The ship scuds wildly o'er the raving main ;

The billow rears astern its crested head,  
And rolls along magnificent and dread.  
A hill of brine of green transparent hue,  
With surface shades of white and azure blue,  
Frowns high above the bark, and shakes its crest,  
Then lifts her up and hugs her on its breast,  
Then heaves her down into the gulf below,  
And bounds away careering in its flow.

## POWER OF THE OCEAN.

Wouldst thou behold the uttermost of might  
Th' Eternal has unveiled to mortal sight ?  
Seek not to find it in th' embattled tower  
When its loud thunder hurls a flaming shower,  
Where roaring cannon belch out fire and smoke,  
And shake the deep foundations of the rock ;  
Nor in the force of wealth-compelling steam,  
Nor any toy of which man's skill can dream !  
But to the wilderness of deeps go down  
And see the billows into conflict thrown ;  
There, when they toss and tumble in their might,  
Rear their huge shapes, and roar, and foam, and fight,  
Ride in wild revel on the tempest's rage,  
And shout in triumph at the war they wage,  
Sweep white and sheety o'er the watery waste,  
And hiss in frenzy as they hurry past,  
What wild derision issues from their caves !  
As if they said,—“ Who dare resist the waves ? ”  
And swelling hoary in their boundless sweep,  
How awful seems the *power* of the deep !  
Oh ! how sublime, how solemn, is the thought  
Of the weird ocean into raging wrought !  
Its voice of awe constrains the soul to own

How terrible the Great Almighty ONE,  
 Whose voice as voice of many waters is,  
 And more than billows' noise in mightiness.  
 Eternal Power ! Thou Everlasting God !  
 Thy wonders are o'er all Thy works abroad ;  
 The billows roar obedient to Thy will,  
 And cease their raging at Thy " Peace, be still ! "  
 Ha ! when Thou ridest on the stormy blast,  
 How Thy dread footsteps agitate the vast !  
 Thou lift'st the huge wild billow by the mane,  
 Scatter'st its foam and hurl'st it down again ;  
 Op'st yawning pits, and chasms gaping wide,  
 And stirr'st the whirlpool in the hissing tide ;  
 Sweep'st o'er the writhing surges in Thy flight,  
 While the winds howl the trembling world's affright.

## CAPE FAREWELL.

As evening fell the storm repressed its sway,  
 And the huge billows curbed their headlong way ;  
 The ship speeds lighter through the falling flood,  
 Expands her wings, and moves in milder mood.  
 While, headlong hurried on the tempest's swell,  
 This angry day we doubled Cape Farewell.

Stern headland of the misty brow !  
 A moody misanthrope art thou,  
 Who sitt'st in sullen vapours veiled,  
 In glooms impenetrable mailed !  
 The storm-cloud swathed thee at thy birth,  
 Thou corner lone of rugged earth !  
 And Greenland's peaks coeval rose,  
 With Hecla's flames and Zembla's snows.  
 What sunless waters round thee flow !  
 What ice-chilled breezes round thee blow !

What mists inhospitable reign  
Within thy cheerless, dark domain !  
Thou wouldest not, if thou couldst, be gay,  
And warm thee in the summer ray ;  
But scorn'st from thy fastidious sight  
The short-lived season of delight.  
Then raise thy clouds, and spread thy mists,  
And bring thine ice-blasts in the lists !  
And let thy doleful regions round  
With howls of desolation sound !  
Still prove the same—the dark, the drear,  
The stern, inexorably severe !  
Still let the seaman's wild tale tell  
The weeping glooms of Cape Farewell !

## A WHALE.

Slow, weary hours ! The wind is foul and light,  
And not a gleam of sunshine glads the sight ;  
Mists unresolvable as Stygian shade  
Their endless gloom upon those lone seas laid.  
The sinewy monarch of the Arctic seas,  
Proud in his strength, and sporting at his ease,  
Among the gelid waters showed his form,  
Dark and magnificent, and scorning harm ;  
His huge bulk high above the wave he reared,  
Shot through the flood in foam, and disappeared.  
God made great whales and every monster shape  
That roams from Greenland to the southmost Cape,  
As also every shell, and finny form,  
And coral city of the tiny worm ;  
And spangled each with its peculiar sheen  
Of black, white, azure, purple, pearl, and green.  
O thou unfathomed sea ! what dost thou hold,

Within thy chambers dark, profound, and cold,  
Of wondrous shapes and forms yet unrevealed,  
And wisdom to philosophy concealed !  
Thou art a mighty mystery—a thing  
Inscrutable beyond imagining ;  
Thou ever-rolling, ever-sighing deep,  
What treasures in thy secrets dost thou keep !  
And yet thou giv'st not from thy mystic store,  
Nor speak'st what thou hast swallowed in thy roar ;  
Thou greedy, greedy sea ! what bones lie hid,  
For ever whitening, thy pearls amid !  
And, still insatiate, thou pitiest not  
Heart-pangs, nor hope deferred, nor widow's lot ;  
The beautiful, the brave, the wise, the good,  
The loved, and lovely, store thy treasured flood,  
And still thy murmuring waters seem to say—  
“I'll keep my secrets till the Judgment-day.”

## FOG.

Fair winds again, to waft us on our way,  
Sprang from the morning clouds at break of day ;  
Gaily along, in swelling canvas dressed,  
She walks the wave as if refreshed by rest,  
And dares the darkness of the misty gloom,  
Confiding in wide ocean's ample room,  
The gale still freshening as the evening fell ;  
Merrily on, aha ! she speeds her well.  
Lugubrious mists ! and must we never gain  
The limits of your everlasting reign ?  
Still dense and dark, and lachrymal and cold,  
In clouds suspended or in vapours rolled,  
They haunt our mazy path and prospect shroud,  
Whether the breeze blows languishing or loud.

## A STAR-BEAM.

But twilight came in lucid garments dressed ;  
The playful airs had wantoned to the west ;  
The zenith opened, and a little star  
Looked through the clear blue firmament afar ;  
That little star—its bright and sparkling ray,  
As through pure space it twinkled on its way,  
Kindling so joyful in its azure sphere—  
Came, like a beam of hope, the soul to cheer ;  
That star-beam shining in its radiance mild,  
Gazing so calmly on the ocean wild,  
Brought back the dreams of many a bygone hour,  
And spelled the thoughts beneath its mystic power.  
Fair summer star ! I greet thy welcome ray ;  
Thou shiniest now to loved ones far away,  
When July lends to her transparent night  
The moony sweetness of its meteor light !  
Ghosts of departed joys, unprized till fled,  
Tumultuous memories rising from the dead,  
 Crowd in, and haunt the soul with pleasing pain,  
And act forgotten feelings o'er again—  
The sad and gay, the wanton and the wise,  
The joyaunce of our youth we cannot prize.  
The mists dispersed, and seemed to roll away,  
Like darkness from the advent of the day,  
Till all was fair around and brightly clear ;  
And the full moon looked from her mellow sphere—  
She looked, and smiled upon the glancing wave,  
And a new impulse to the spirits gave.

## APPROACH TO ICE.

Calm, close, and drizzly damp, the morning came,  
And bitter chill it shivered through the frame ;

Unlike the piercing rigour of the blast,  
Or the stiff numbings of the frosty waste ;  
But like the vapours, ghostly cold, that reign  
Throughout the slimy vaults of some old fane,  
The loathsome humes of graves and dead men's bones,  
And mildews oozing dank from fretted stones.  
The mist lay on the waters dense and dark,  
And glided slow and silently the bark.  
Thus nine days passed ; and many a league we sailed  
Through regions in eternal vapours veiled,  
And all the while no sun-glimpse shone to tell  
The space through which the ship had sped so well.  
Those mists portend the gelid regions near  
Which icebergs traverse in their cold career.  
The wind veers round north-west, with sudden sweep,  
And bristles up the surface of the deep  
With angry gust, and freshens to a gale ;  
“ All hands ! ahoy ! ” “ Aloft ! and shorten sail ! ”  
And onward still she wends her mazy way,  
Pitches and dives, and flings the sounding spray,  
Buffets the surge and strives an hour or more,  
As the rude gusts among the cordage roar.  
Hark ! from the look-out the alarm resounds—  
“ Ice, ho ! ” is echoed, and the watch responds :  
“ And where away ? ”—“ Adown the larboard side.”  
“ I see it not ! ” “ Astern, now ! ” is replied.  
“ Where away ? where ? ”—“ It's lost among the mist ! ”  
“ What size was it ? ”—“ As large as the grog-chist ! ”  
“ Ice, ho ! ” again ; “ Ice, ho ! ”—“ Where lays it now ? ”  
“ White in the mist there, off the weather bow.”  
“ Ha !—luff her on the wind, and ease her way !  
Haul up the mainsail!—Watch, look out ! ”—“ Aye, aye ! ”  
“ Stand by to haul the foresail up ! ” “ Ice, ho ! ”

"Where lies it now?"—"Right off the larboard bow!"  
A giant iceberg, stormswept, white, and cold,  
Its rugged front precipitous and bold,  
Frowning defiance frigid, close at hand,  
Loomed through the mist majestically grand,  
Stern as the headlands of mine island home,  
And lashed by surges spurned away in foam.  
"'Bout ship! all hands!"—the order is obeyed;—  
"And lay her to!" Aback the vessel's laid;  
And thus she tossed upon the surging sea,  
The piercing ice-blast howling heavily,  
Till night came down; and still the stormy north  
Prepared his bitter blasts and hurled them forth.

## DRIFT ICE.

A new scene opened with the morning ray,  
And showed once more a fair and radiant day.  
The mist had vanished, and a southern breeze  
Just quivered o'er the blue and gelid seas.  
The ship moved onward with a stately pride,  
The furrowed wave purled lightly by her side;  
Gay seemed the helmsman, and the ample sail  
Swelled gently to the impulse of the gale.  
How beautiful the ice-thronged desert seemed!  
What countless islands o'er its surface gleamed  
In all the purity of Parian stone!  
And gaily whitened to the morning sun,  
As o'er the deep they floated far and near  
In crystal grandeur, on their bright career,  
Of every form and size, from fragments small  
To giant icebergs turreted and tall,  
That flung their glittering peaks aloft in air,  
Rifted and rent and caverned with the wear

Of wasting waves and their own labouring weight,—  
Stupendous as St. Kilda's cliffs in height.  
Here a wave-worn and rounded mass rolls by,  
Borne on the swell and tumbling heavily,  
Floats sluggish on the surface of the wave,  
While, chafed and galled, the fretting waters lave  
Its snow-white sides, and with a sighing sound  
Heaves its wild way as it rolls round and round.  
There, in a varied, long-extended stream  
Like to a wave, the low, flat fragments gleam,—  
The shattered spoils of some disrupted field  
To dire and early dissolution sealed.  
And there, a shelving mass that shades the light  
Reveals its crystal glories to the sight ;  
The rays, refracted by the prismatic mass  
Which lights their lustre like a rock of glass,  
Assume the azure-tinged and watery green,  
Which in the pure, transparent beryl's seen ;  
And every stalactite that hangs within  
The crystal cave, reflects its hues akin.  
What shapes fantastic glide before the sight !  
Rocks, trees, and towers, in every wildness dight.  
What diverse combinations, and how strange !  
In each new view springs up a fairy change :  
Spires, columns, domes, and arches, meet the eye,  
And fancies which description all defy ;  
What wondrous architecture, and how grand !  
How fairly fashioned by no mortal hand !

## ICEBERGS.

But first in proud magnificence appears  
The hoary iceberg of a hundred years.  
His glittering crags precipitous and high,

That wall him round, limned boldly on the sky ;  
His wavy crystal hills and jagged spires,  
And the bright sparkling of 's reflected fires ;  
His slow and sullen motion through the deep,  
The ponderous nodding of his rugged steep,  
The strange, wild music of the ocean swell  
As it rolls round and scours each crystal cell,  
And, as oppressed, his dreary moaning plaint,  
Now murmuring hoarse, now sighing long and faint,  
All tend to wrest the senses and to draw  
The captive thoughts to speak admiring awe.  
Terrific fragments of stupendous stores  
Of ages, piled on Baffin's frozen shores ! (e.)  
What dread convulsions launched you from the steep,  
And hurled with awful plunge into the deep  
Each ponderous mass ! Dissolving worlds could ne'er  
With crash more frightful rend the howling air.  
How groaned the deep from out his lowest bed !  
What roars of agony in echoes sped  
Through his cerulean caverns ! What huge waves,  
Recoiling, rushed into your dripping caves,  
Rolling their maddened foam with frantic rage  
On your fretwork their wild revenge t' assuage,  
When your vast weight the yielding waters took,  
And the crushed floods in ample circles shook !  
How many sunless winters have concealed  
The solid torrents in your depths congealed ?  
What frigid grottoes hung with icy gems  
Whence every prism-extracted colour gleams—  
What crystal halls and palaces of frost,  
Where vision's power in gorgeous glittering's lost—  
Do ye among your ruined summits keep  
Or hide in the abysses of the deep ?

Yea, cliffs severe, and craggy steeps profound,  
Pressed by your weight, to Stygian depths are bound.  
And whither do ye wend your toiling way,  
Unwieldy forms of ages passed away?  
Will ye return when summer's meteor smile  
Has ceased to play upon the Arctic isle,  
And take in solid firths your old abode,  
That winter's bounty may increase your load?  
Or have the salt tides fixed your destiny  
To wax to dew beneath a southern sky?  
And must ye on the wilful billows ride  
Till, borne careering o'er th' Atlantic wide,  
Ye wander on, consuming with your way,  
And sparkling brighter as your spires decay?  
Ye mighty monuments of Power Divine,  
Built in your grandeur with allwise design!  
Though man may not conceive with what intent  
Your awful forms into the deep are sent,  
Or why so broad a region of this sphere  
Should be a howling solitude and drear,  
Yet, with admiring awe, he can behold  
Your frozen grandeur terrible and bold,  
And in your might can view Omnipotence,  
Your architecture His omniscience,  
And as ye tremble in your crashing noise  
Can hear the Omnipresent lift His voice.

## FORCING A BARRIER.

A scene yet wilder, and a March-like day:  
On adverse winds the vessel strives her way  
Through many an ice-locked firth and mazy path  
Of seas that rage not to the tempest's wrath,  
But quiver to the breezes, like the breast

Of the walled mountain lake in its unrest.  
Still ice-built mountains tower on either side,  
And their lost fragments wander o'er the tide;  
A stream of broken ice obstructs her course—  
The ship bears on, the barrier to force,  
And dares its sluggish strength with sevenfold prow—  
It yields, and opens sullenly and slow,  
While from the shock the staggered ship rebounds  
With tremors violent and rumbling sounds;  
The parted fragments float to either side,  
Whirled in the eddies of the troubled tide;  
She rallies fast, and, as her timbers quake,  
Glides through the passage closing in her wake.

## LAND. (f)

This joyous morning wore a winning smile;  
The breeze was fair, and cheered us on the while;  
Land! land, ahead! the first that has been seen  
Since lone St. Kilda set behind the scene.  
Abrupt and lofty, far, and coldly blue,  
All clad in snow, Cape Chidley meets the view;  
All fenced around with ramparts stern and wild  
Of shattered fields in hoary grandeur piled.  
Thence northward shape we, where the mist-wreath dark  
Cape Resolution's rocky highlands mark;  
Close by his cliffs an open channel lay,  
And gaily on the ship careered her way.  
It was a welcome sight to see once more  
The sea-bird wild that haunts a rocky shore;  
The wary gull that took itself to flight,  
And winged aloof from the unwonted sight;  
The affrighted awk, with coverts glossy black  
And snowy breast, that struggled in our track,

Now turning right, now left, with anxious eye,  
Aye bending forward, rowing lustily,  
Then diving, in its wonderment amazed,  
When the ship's prow its feathers almost grazed.

## CAPE RESOLUTION.

How strangely smooth those waters dark that flow  
Around the Arctic Archipelago !  
Upon their face the breezes never wake  
A frown, nor from their deeps a murmur take ;  
They only stir the dance of playful mirth  
To which their ever-pouring streams give birth.  
Smoothly across the breeze the vessel glides,  
And cleaves the current of the joyous tides,  
Which, from the mazy strait released again,  
In full career go revelling to the main.  
A cloud of mist came rolling from the steep,  
In lazy volumes settling o'er the deep ;  
Still on, still on she rushes through the gloom  
With canvas full and long extended boom,  
Bearing right boldly through the Arctic gates,  
The portals of the ice-locked Hudson's Straits.  
Swiftly and suddenly a land-breeze gay  
Swept the dense vapours from the scene away,  
And thence frowned forth upon the starboard bow  
The headland bare, and wiped his misty brow,  
Grim frowning with a gaunt terrific stare,  
In his dread garb of desolation bare.  
O thou severe, inhospitable shore !  
Thy hills and valleys desert evermore—  
How in the prime of summer's cheering glow  
Show'st thou thy rock-clefts choked with sevenfold  
snow !

Thy naked cliffs and dells a shrubless waste,  
No shade of herbage on thy borders traced !  
Surely the fiend of desolation sways  
Thy howling wilderness, and ever lays  
His iron sceptre on thy drear domain,  
Unknown to blossom in his despot reign.  
Not even the shivering Esquimaux is known  
To haunt thy stubborn shores when winter's gone ;  
But there the shaggy savage makes his home,  
The ravenous bear—and there the gaunt wolves roam ;  
Of thy lone caves they make their secret cells,  
And in thy rocky cliffs the wild fox dwells.  
Bleak land ! the very waves thy steeps that wash,  
And round thy shores in summer joyaunce flash,  
The clear blue skies, the sun's warm rays, combine  
To mock thy desolation as they shine.

## EVENING IN THE ARCTIC SEAS.

A lucid calm succeeded to the breeze ;  
The evening beams with lustre fired the seas ;  
And meteors luminous and large are piled  
In craggy grandeur on th' horizon wild ;  
The wondrous magic of the solar rays  
Refracted by the kindled frosty haze. :  
A war of currents now the vessel caught,  
As in the floods their rapid whirls they wrought,  
And swept her from the cliffs in beauteous state  
Toward the centre of the burnished strait.  
Night fell—a gorgeous scene—a summer night  
In Arctic climes—oh, how serene and bright !  
How large and luminous the stars appear !  
The firmament how liquid and how clear !  
The lucent streams that quivered o'er the sky

Now flashing bright, now fading suddenly;  
Fairest of all, the pure transparent white  
In which the pale moon's solemn beams were dight,  
As o'er the scene she shed her watery rays,  
And paled the iceberg with her strange, grave gaze,  
Dispelled the burnished tints that loved to lie  
In dying lustre on the western sky;  
And all combined to paint a scene more fair  
Than aught that lyre can sing, or pencil dare.

## MORNING.

A thousand glitterings welcomed back the day;  
Still by those lifeless shores we held our way  
Through crooked lanes and crystal avenues,  
And sparkling islets bright with frosty dews;  
The waters flow in dark and turbid stream,  
Alive with swarms of zoophytes, which teem  
In myriads, revelling out their day of life,  
Devouring each, and kind with kind at strife—  
The tiny tenants of the Polar flood,  
Which furnish the colossal whale his food.  
There, on its rapid pinions fluttering low,  
The little awk dives in the living flow;  
There the grey seal uprears his wary head,  
And looks, and dives, to shun the wonder dread;  
The lazy morse reveals his sober face,  
And hastens away with many a sidelong gaze.  
Still on, still on, by gentle breezes borne,  
The bark glides smoothly in the flush of morn,  
And many an idle shape and steepy mass  
Ere evening's shades in gay career we pass,  
With those rude isles, by ardent Hudson named  
The Savage Group, by murderous treachery shamed.

## HUDSON'S STRAITS.

Another pure, transparent azure day ;  
Glittering the scene, and warm the sunny ray ;  
So changeless in its waxing and its wane,  
It seemed like yesterday come back again ;  
A sweetly pleasing, fairy time it proved,  
As through the icy straits we gaily roved ;  
'Twas one of those bright holidays we see  
In nature, cleaving to the memory,  
And wears a freshness which for years will last,  
And lighten o'er the darkening of the past.  
A calm fell on the waters, and we lay  
Couched on the flood till noon-tide of the day.  
An iceberg, black with rubbish which it bore  
From some lone precipice or muddy shore,  
Passed slowly by, and, as it wandering went,  
The sunbeams fast its melting turrets spent,  
And fast, in rills of dark and turbid flow,  
The muddy waters streamed adown its brow ;  
Long in our wake, conspicuous 'mid the rest,  
The sombre mass revealed its dusky crest.

## UPPER SAVAGE ISLANDS.

The beauty of the fairy scene is gone—  
Though clear the air, no radiant sunbeams shone ;  
Open the waters, and the eastern breeze  
Played lightly on the cloud-reflecting seas ;  
Some wandering icebergs, few and far between,  
Vary the wildness of the desert scene ;  
Merrily on the full-winged vessel glides,  
And o'er the unfrequented waters rides.  
Some dreary islands to the north are seen,  
Haunt where the homeless Esquimaux has been,

Whose light kayak seeks many a distant shore,  
Skimming the flood, impelled by slender oar.  
Poor shivering child of climes severely stern !  
Thy lack of knowledge thou hast yet to learn ;  
Perhaps, arrayed in skins and furry robe,  
Thou deem'st thy tribe the happiest on the globe,  
And count'st the passing visitor a wight  
Who wanders homeless from his foes in flight ;  
The destiny of man's unknown to thee—  
What he once was, now is, and yet shall be.

## ISLE CHARLES.

Away before a gallant gale we steer,  
Dripping the clouds and dark the atmosphere ;  
The prospect, hazy, circumscribed, and grey,  
Lent nought to gladden in our cheerless way ;  
But there passed by an icy pyramid,  
Its hoary summit in white vapour hid,  
Which streamed aloft, in a large column borne,  
Like smoke ascending in a frosty morn.  
Then drizzling mists the gloomy day obscured,  
Yet favouring gales our onward course allured.  
The parting mist revealed through day's last gleam  
The bold Isle Charles upon the larboard beam,  
Fringed with the drift-ice and the smoother floe,  
And hummocks dun with wreaths of squalid snow.

## SUNSET.—CAPE WOLSTENHOLM.

Favouring and fresh it blew a merry gale,  
And the good ship hung out a crowd of sail ;  
Gaily she launched along till evening fell,  
And the hushed winds sung their own parting knell.  
Fair o'er the placid waters, calmly clear,

A gorgeous sunset fired the atmosphere ;  
And, in the brightness of the lingering beams,  
An isle lay cradled like a thing of dreams ;  
Distant afar, it seemed a glory hung  
'Twixt earth and heaven, and its sweet splendour flung  
O'er all the liquid scene that gleamed with joy  
And trembled in its raptures beau teously.  
Such hues are given to make the desert glad  
And cheer those realms in desolation clad.  
High on the left, magnificently bold,  
Stupendous mountains reared their summits old,  
Rifted and rent, and wildly dark their gloom—  
The sombre cliffs of rugged Wolstenholm,  
Their grim brows purpled with the burnished blaze  
Which glowed resplendent from the setting rays.  
A range of mountain coast abrupt and high,  
Broken and rent as ever kissed the sky,  
Which for a hundred miles as on ye roam  
Extends its peaks, is aged Wolstenholm ;  
Those hills, they seemed so dark and deeply blue,  
So big with awe, and noble to the view,  
Their grandeur rapt me, and recalled to mind  
The hills of heath which I had left behind.

## ENTERING HUDSON'S BAY.

Bright dawned the morning, and the fresh'ning gale  
Piped in its mirth and boldly swelled the sail.  
As if instinctive energy urged on  
To quit the tangled path she tracked so long,  
The bark moved swiftly o'er the joyous flood,  
Which danced around the isles in sportive mood,  
And proudly bore into that inland sea  
Whose name is linked with Hudson's memory.

Behind us couched the isles of Salisbury  
And Nottingham, whose beauteous imagery,  
So sweetly blended with the sinking sun,  
But yester eve the lingering gaze had won.  
Garbed in his mantle of perennial snows,  
High on the left Cape Wolstenholm arose,  
Whose haughty front defiance seemed to dare  
To rocky Cape Digges towering wild in air.  
A wall of packed drift-ice before us lay,  
Piled in a barricade athwart our way,  
And seemed to trend from Digges' stupendous steep  
To the firm barriers of the northern deep ;  
Still on the ship right gaily pressed to dare  
A channel through those wrecks of winter there ;  
But, all impervious as a rocky shore  
The barrier stern toward which she flaunting bore,  
Along its verge she shapes her course anew  
To where Cape Digges upreared his brow of blue ;  
With a slack sheet the ship speeds swiftly down,  
And sterner still those rugged sea-fronts frown  
As we drew near the shadows which they flung  
On the deep waters over which they hung  
In threatening grandeur, as if freshly piled  
In the dread throes of some convulsion wild,  
In azure distance reared so beetling high  
Their summits steepy that they seemed so nigh.  
Broken and bare, and cleft with deep ravines,  
And fearful chasms whence snow of ages shines,  
From Wolstenholm to Cape Smith dimly blue,  
As bold and far it issued to the view ;  
Such was the North Maine coast and Digges' wild isles  
Rising abrupt in awful mountain piles.

## MANSFIELD.

And soon was found what we had landward sought—  
The icy barrier into fragments wrought,  
And gleaming bright an open channel lay  
Which wound to the expanses of the bay.  
Now freshening still, as azure noon drew near,  
The gallant gale was piping loud and clear,  
As off the cape the good ship hauled her wind,  
And left the craggy pyramids behind ;  
How like a thing with frantic fury wild  
She tore along ! The smitten ice resiled  
And, rising on its edge, reeled from her prow  
Like to a fallow furrow from the plough,  
While, lively clear, the plainy surgeless seas,  
Rasped by the gale, were sputtering to the breeze.  
Far on th' horizon's verge the land gleamed blue,  
A low flat isle, and desolate to view ;  
From north to south in a long line it lay,  
Couched in the embouchure of Hudson's Bay.  
She hurries on careering wildly through,  
And leaves a foamy wake far in the blue.  
Ere the red sun had settled in the west,  
Wide was the prospect o'er the wave's broad breast ;  
The land is weathered ; far as eye can reach  
The clear and unencumbered waters stretch.  
Huzza for York ! the wind is fresh and fair,  
And the big waves no icy traces bear ;  
We're on the bosom of an inland sea  
Wide as an ocean, and its waves as free ;  
And you might deem, to view the track that lay  
Southward, before, inviting and so gay,  
That one wide traverse now remained alone  
Of this wild voyage to the icy zone ;

But on those desert and ice-haunted seas  
Oft little boots the glad and favouring breeze.

## OBSTRUCTIONS.

Our gay propitious gale and open sea  
Seemed near exhausted ; and in like degree  
Our hopes began to wane as we beheld  
The boding ice-blink of a drifting field.  
As day drew on the breezes died away,  
And wanton zephyrs on the waters lay ;  
More bright the sheen on the horizon gleamed,  
And white streaks o'er its verge-line faintly streamed.  
Like a tired courser spent with eager haste,  
The ship moved tamely o'er the watery waste ;  
Sail piled on sail on lengthened booms was spread,  
Yet failed to rouse anew her lagging speed ;  
And then the fickle breezes, faintly light,  
Wantoned around in dallying frolic flight,  
Nor deigned in either point of heaven to rest,  
But flitted like gay summer-flies in quest  
Of shadowy glories in the evening ray,  
And sported with the vessel as she lay ;  
Around her there the sea-birds wing their flight—  
The boatswain chief in dusky coverts dight ;  
Ye careless wand'lers ! all this vasty flood  
Seems yours by gift of Him who gives all good.

## THE SAND-LARK.

Wearied by calms, and wandering ice, and tides,  
Or teased by adverse airs, the vessel rides ;  
But all is fair, and wears a summer glow,  
Though in our sphere the world wags wondrous slow,  
And little things assume a marv'lous power

To wile the tedium of the weary hour.  
 A sand-lark wandering o'er the desert lone,  
 And whistling, as it flew, with treble tone,  
 Had travelled with the floating ice to sea,  
 And flitted onwards piping plaintively.  
 Poor wandering exile ! whither dost thou roam ?  
 Where is the beach thou once couldst call thy home ?  
 How long hast thou thus floated on the deep ?  
 Is it not chill on icy bed to sleep ?  
 Hast thou wherewith thy hunger to appease ?  
 No sand-grubs feed thee on the icy seas,  
 Yet with cold hunger, bird, thou art not faint ;  
 But thy shrill whistle has a piteous plaint,  
 As if thy heart with loneliness were sore,  
 And as it cried—"the shore ! the shore ! the shore!"  
 But there are little insects in the sea,  
 Embayed or stranded on the ice, for thee ;  
 The Hand that led thee from thy native main,  
 And feeds thee here, can bring thee back again.  
 So fear not, slender offspring of the land,  
 Though adverse fates have urged thee from the strand.

## SET FAST IN THE ICE.

Two days we struggled with an adverse breeze,  
 Tangled and fettered in the cumbered seas ;  
 Oft had the vessel scarcely room to veer,  
 So packed the crowding ice through which we steer,  
 And toward the evening of the second day  
 It closed her fast, and locked the vessel lay.  
 The windward sky assumed a lurid hue  
 Along th' horizon ; then it rose to view,  
 And wrapped in scowling folds the firmament,  
 Whelming the sunbeams in their dark ascent ;

And loud the gusty storm began to rave  
Through the shrill shrouds, and doleful dirges gave ;  
The crowding ice thronged closer and more fast,  
As if for shelter from the threatening blast,  
And, block to block indented, hemmed us in,  
Till not one patch of water could be seen.  
The bark, arrested in her storm-set course,  
Constrained to yield, surrendered to its force ;  
The canvas stowed, the helm is lashed alee,  
The ice-ropes hauled out, and the watch set free.  
Big beat the rain-drops, and loud roared the wind  
In fitful blasts, their harmony combined  
With the sonorous wailing of the shrouds,  
As the ship lay enwrapped in ice and clouds ;  
The lifts and halyards, rattling to the blast,  
Beat a wild tattoo on the straining mast.  
On those white crystal rocks no surges break—  
The seas are still as any summer lake ;  
And thus she lay the afternoon and night,  
Wedged in the ice until the morning light.

## FORCING A PASSAGE.

The day has dawned ; unfurled the soaking sail ;  
Round to the cold north-west has veered the gale,  
And chilling vapours from the icy plain  
In thick dark gloom have settled on the main.  
With early dawn the close compacted field  
To the conflicting blast began to yield.  
“ All hands, ahoy ! ”—while morning yet was grey—  
“ Heave out ! and get the good ship under way ! ”  
The captain, busked in water-proofs, his neck  
Well coiled in cravat, mounts the galley deck ;  
In Mackintoshes robed from head to foot,

Brimmy southwester, cloak, and ample boot,  
He scans the cumbered seas with watchful eye,  
And shouts commands in accents hoarse and high.—  
“Man the main-braces, there! and hold them fast!  
And let them go as soon's the word is passed!  
Stand by to back the sails as soon as said!  
Two hands to man the boom-sheet!—How's her head?”  
“South and by west, sir!” “Keep her south-west! Luff!  
Come, Bill, my lad, let's have a pinch of snuff.  
Starboard, my lads! starboard! with all your might!”  
“Ay, ay, sir!”—Yet!—“Hard up, sir!” “Well, all  
right!

Let her fall off! Let go the boom-sheet! Hold!—  
Some coffee, steward! the morning's bitter cold!”  
Bang! on the sluggish ice, with sullen bound,  
She stops as dead as if she struck the ground:  
“Starboard! and back the sails! Luff! luff alee!  
Heave down again! you lubber, heave! she'll be”—  
Thump! thump! bang! crash!—“There, there, now!  
mind your hand!

It is not many such hard knocks she'll stand;  
Haul in there! Port!” “She's catching it to-day!”  
Jack on the watch, with leering grin, would say;  
“Of sailing this beats all I ever met;  
He'll shake her clear of all her cobwebs yet.”  
“Back yards! Pay off, there! Steady! How's her head?  
She works as heavy as a lump of lead.”  
A rough old tar, who loved a little jest,  
Observes, in a low grumble, to the rest—  
“I guess that, by this time, it's pretty sore.”  
And thus the morning, noon, and evening wore  
Toiling and hammering till the set of sun,  
When to a space of clear blue sea we won.

The mist dispersed ; and fair, and cheering bright,  
The evening shone, as with a rapid flight  
She swept along, with every stitch of sail,  
Before a brisk and speed-compelling gale.  
But ere the midnight watch was called again,  
Involved in stubborn wilds, she toiled in vain.

## CALM.—NIGHT SCENE.

Now, westward sailing, far the ice extends,  
And slowly, on her course becalmed, she wends.  
All round the clear horizon seemed a wall  
Of erags and turrets tottering to their fall,  
While in a placid basin, azure, clear,  
And sunbeam-beautified, she seemed to steer ;  
When the faint gleams of twilight, still and cool,  
Spread o'er the smoothness of this ocean pool,  
The gentle whispers of the night-breeze blew,  
And near the cragged fantastic ice we drew.  
No more a wall of fairy hands it seemed,  
But low and white the sullen ice-blocks gleamed ;  
The tall and tower-like vessel upright stood  
In the light rush and ripple of the flood,  
And glided slowly through the shattered floes—  
Like to the night in majesty she goes ;  
And ever and anon the gentleplash,  
As the stirred ice-floes softly plunge and wash  
Their rimy margins with the wavy brine,  
Falls on the ear with solemn, slow decline.  
At length a curved projection stopped her way  
With gentle shock, and thus locked fast she lay ;  
Too light the shock to cause her to rebound,  
Too light the breeze to wear and waft her round.  
There was a beauty in that stilly night,

So calmly fair and eloquently bright,  
Which wooed me long to linger o'er the scene,  
Till midnight hour entranceingly serene ;  
And oh ! what glories crowded on the view,  
When gazing on the star-bespangled blue !

## THE AURORA BOREALIS.

In one wide, wavy arch, that spanned the sky,  
And lighted up the azure canopy,  
The bright Aurora came exulting forth  
From out the wizard regions of the north ;  
And streaming, gliding, skipping through the arch,  
Shot to the zenith in their gladsome march,  
Flooding the skies with such a gush of light,  
Its glory scared the lesser stars from sight ;  
Then, gathering to the zenith, streamed and shone  
In a gay circle like a festive throng,  
Opening and shutting, darting, whirling, dancing,  
With meteor hues of iridescence glancing ;  
Then, crowding to one little point, they seemed  
Almost to vanish ; but again outstreamed  
Ten thousand radii of rekindled glow,  
Which, from one centre, shot o'er all below  
In the grand concave of a gorgeous dome  
Whose serried margin, glancing, seemed to come  
Down to the gleaming flood, or sought the spheres,  
Like to a shivered sheaf of glittering spears.  
Over the concave glides each changing hue  
As liquid rays kept quivering to the view,  
Blood-red and violet, purple, gold, and green,  
In wavy changes trembled o'er the scene,  
And then dispersed ; the revellers hied away,  
In fading lustre, from their frolic gay.

## CHANGE OF CLIMATE.

With the grey morning dawn revived the breeze,  
Again the vessel furrows up the seas  
Through labyrinths of ice and lanes of flood,  
And still, her path exploring, westward stood,  
Till evening found her bearing distant by  
Cape Churchhill hidden in a hazy sky.  
By the deep fifty fathoms!—“ Watch, turn out!  
All hands, ahoy!”—and heave the ship about!  
Night's moving pinions, ere the morning prime,  
Had wafted us into another clime:  
No more the chilling gusts of icy air  
Belied a summer sky serene and fair,  
But the soft breezes had a genial breath,  
And joyously the waters flashed beneath;  
Gently the white-winged vessel floats along  
Serenely gay, all hushed the zephyr's song,  
Which scarcely fanned the pendant on the mast,  
Nor kissed the cordage as it dallied past;  
But softly, softly bore her through the sea  
Like the moon sailing o'er heaven's canopy,  
And fervidly the sultry burning beam  
Glowed from the surface of the flashing stream:  
It seemed as if by magic we were cast  
On tropic seas, the change had come so fast.

## SIGNS OF LAND.

Borne on the ever-wandering ocean tide  
The wave-hewn limbs of shapeless driftwood glide,  
The lighter refuse of those mighty floods  
Whose torrents wash America's wild woods.  
How can the frail mosquito's gauzy wing  
Over so wide a sea the wanderer bring?  
The land that sent him is not yet in sight,

Yet the adventurer dares so far a flight  
To greet the stranger welcome to his shores,  
And taste the blood of yet unpunctured pores ;  
He buzzes querulous as keen to try it—  
The thirsty wight ! he loves a change of diet.  
Thou tiny stabber, thou may'st rest thy form  
On the calm wave, but fear'st thou not the storm ?  
How could thy bulky brother e'er sustain  
So long a traverse o'er the treacherous main—  
The *bull-dog* bold—unless the sinews frail  
That move his nimble wing could never fail ?  
One dip into the wily water's shine  
Would fix *him* struggling in the green sea-brine,  
Until, exhausted with his toil, he'd lie  
The first ascending finny monster's prey.

## A THUNDER STORM.

Evening came down, and clouds obscured the sun ;  
A sombre calm fell on the waters dun,—  
A calm so silent, so profound and dark,  
No stir nor whisper breathed around the bark ;  
Amid the gathering gloom so still she lay,  
The canvas hung down pendant from the stay.  
Forth from the blackening west the darkness rolled  
With solemn slowness o'er the vaulted wold ;  
As closed the clouds on the departing day  
Gleam after gleam of twilight died away,  
And night descending stooped on sable wing  
With voiceless terrors which 'twas hers to bring ;  
Sultry the air like burdened vapours dank,  
And steamy dews stream down each cabin plank,  
This silent stillness of the stirless air,  
And the deep sullen gloom the heavens wear,

Seem to have awed the mind unconsciously,  
And tainted with its own solemnity,  
For scarce a voice breaks utterance around,  
Or when one speaks, how strangely void the sound !  
And as the passing footsteps hollow fall  
The sound is drear as in a vacant hall.

Hark ! the low mutterings of the distant peal  
Faintly avowed ! so strange the fancies feel ;  
A flash gleams faint and far amid the gloom,  
A pause—and then low broken echoes boom  
Of distant thunder as it growled and rolled  
Through darkness palpable and multifold ;  
Some straggling drops of rain fall large and black,  
A whispering breeze just stirred the canvas slack ;  
“ Aloft ! and shorten sail ! ” The word’s obeyed ;  
Dull sound the watch’s footsteps as they tread,  
A blaze of lightning flashed forth blue and bright,  
Illuming all around with lurid light ;  
In quick succession to the vivid flash  
Followed the thunder-clap’s terrific crash,  
Deep through the gloom its rattling echoes poured  
And far and long its fitful rollings roared ;  
Aërial streams in weighty torrents rushed,  
As if the shock the shivered clouds had crushed  
And hurled them down in one tremendous flood  
Headlong upon the scene in sullen mood,  
Or some wild waterspout had burst in wrath  
And dashed its vengeance in the vessel’s path ;  
From the concussion of the howling air,  
She seemed to tremble in her watery lair ;  
It stirred a slumbering breeze—and to the gale  
The mariner adjusts th’ impatient sail ;

It breathed propitious, and on she yode  
Wrapped in the terrors of the thunder-cloud.  
In rapid brightness flash succeeds to flash,  
In fearful clangour crash responds to crash ;  
The livid thunderbolt with purple glare  
Shoots through the pitchy darkness of the air  
In wild, eccentric vagaries, and darts  
From cloud to cloud, and its dread shock imparts,  
Or in the rigging, lingering long, remains,  
Glares on the spars, and glides along the chains,  
Among th' extended trails of cable plays,  
And through the hawse-holes glides like meteor blaze.  
Thus all night long the burdened skies poured down  
The threefold terrors of their thunder-frown ;  
Had Shakspeare's witches come to earth again,  
They'd had their will of thunder, lightning, rain.

## A SQUALL.

Till morning light had re-assumed its sway  
These angry terrors took them not away,  
And long in faint responses growled afar  
The sullen murmurs of the distant war ;  
A dense and clammy fog its vapours spread  
All o'er the path the thunderstorm had made.  
The breeze is fair, the vessel holds her way,  
And ere high noon the scene once more is gay ;  
The mist dispelled, a bright and sultry sun  
Dried up the decks and bleached the canvas dun.  
Again the breezes quit the fair north-west,  
And southwards veer in dying-like unrest ;  
Close laid at length the vessel drags along  
With lagging pace to the soft zephyr's song.  
Again, as downward to the verge of day

The sun in's golden chariot hied away,  
A shining haze, and then a dusky scum,  
Over the sun's dimmed disc was seen to come ;  
Darker it grew till it assumed the shade  
Of the black thundercloud with folds outspread.  
It came not like the gloom of yesternight  
Girt with such stilly terrors to the sight,  
Whose broad black folds inspired a solemn dread  
As o'er the scene her mantle far she spread,  
But, from the western caves advancing fast,  
A squally stream along its path it cast ;  
It whirled along—the bolt flashed in its van,  
And through its depths the braying thunder ran.  
The captain, from the deck, with watchful eye  
Surveyed the swift mutations of the sky :  
“ All hands to shorten sail! Send down, and furl!”  
No breeze was breathing round us, scarce a curl  
Stirred on the surface of the ambient deep,  
But, throned on sunbeams, came with sudden sweep  
The thunder-squall careering in its wrath,  
And strewing white its foam-besprinkled path.  
The mandate given no sooner was obeyed—  
“ Haul up the courses!”—than, as mettled steed  
With frantic bound upon the race-course starts  
Soon as his flank the plunging rowel smarts,  
The ship, which through the waters scarce impelled,  
The maddening impulse of the wild squall felt,  
Stooped to the shock, and, with impetuous bound,  
Dashed through the waves with hissing, foaming sound,  
And, bending to the wild nor'-wester's might,  
Sped onwards, onwards in her frantic flight  
Until the short-lived squall had overpassed,  
When she rose proudly from the baseless blast.

## HEAVING THE LEAD, CASTING ANCHOR, &amp;c.

Fixed in the chains a deep-voiced seaman stood  
 Vociferating the soundings of the flood.  
 Aye, with long strokes, he drew the ponderous lead,  
 Anon and swung it circling round his head,  
 Then hurled it far along with all his might;  
 Dead in the flood the missile plunged its flight;  
 Withdrawn, he marks the graduated line  
 And mouths his melody,—“By the deep, nine!”  
 “Stand by to let the anchor go!”—“All clear!”  
 “Haul in a gun, and have the cartridge here!  
 If not in York Road-stead we're near the spot,  
 And, Labscows! see you have the poker hot!”  
 Ere daylight yet had faded from the sky,  
 “By the deep, eight!”—apprised the leadsman's cry.  
 “Let go the anchor!”—ponderous it swung  
 Down from the massy cat-head where it hung;  
 Swift through the hawse-holes runs the sounding chain,  
 And drops with sullen plunge into the main;  
 No anchor fluke had dipped into the floods  
 Since she had weighed her bower in Cairston Roads.  
 A gun was charged and rammed, the poker red,  
 And to the quarter-deck Tim Labscows sped;  
 Tim waits the word, applies his badge of state,  
 The smoke and flame mount up with sputtering great,  
 Loud boom the echoes o'er the darkening main,  
 And—sponged the gun—the trick's tried o'er again.  
 Then all made snug and tidy for the night,  
 The issue's left until the morning light.

## MORNING.

Surly and grim th' expected morning broke,  
 And a brisk gale from out his clouds awoke;

The gale blew landward, but no land was seen ;  
The shallow waters turbid and unclean ;  
The ship was riding to a rolling swell,  
And with a heavy swing she rose and fell.  
“ All hands, ahoy !—make sail !”—Twas no child’s play  
To heave her to her anchor where she lay.  
The windlass manned, the tars with wild-note cry  
Their handspikes wield, and every sinew ply,  
But not one link the soundless pawl could gain  
On the stern tension of the straining chain  
Till to the capstan wound, and to its aid,  
The stalwart drivers all their vigour laid ;  
Arduous and long the toilsome struggle proved,  
And toward her anchor sullenly she moved.  
The anchor’s swung, the swelling canvas spread,  
Landward before the piping gale she sped,  
While all along the leadsmen in the *chains*  
Calls out the soundings as the water wanes—  
“ By the deep, ten !”—a half less ten !—and nine !  
And, as he calls, he coils his dripping line.  
Now dipping far upon the rolling seas  
Appear in clumps the spiry tops of trees,  
But yet no coast-line could the searching eye  
Mark where it stretched between the sea and sky.  
“ What soundings now ?”—“ Seven !—Six !—a quarter  
less !”  
The water shallows fast as on we press.  
“ A quarter less than six !”—What ! “ Yes, sir ! ” Five !  
“ We’re off the channel, sure as I’m alive ! ”  
“ How is the tide ?”—“ It’s just low water now ! ”  
“ We dare not urge her further till it flow ;  
Let go the anchor !—furl the sails ! ” he growls—  
They’re awkward neighbours those Port Nelson shoals.

This sprang some doubt of where we were, and how  
'Twas best to act the drama out now;  
'Twould do no harm at least to fire a gun,  
Though it should do no good, and so 'twas done.

## YORK ROAD-STAD.

And now the breeze was falling fast away,  
And daylight fast advancing to decay;  
In the smooth wavy waters of the sea  
The white Beluga sported merrily  
In milk-white herds, and snorted as he rose;  
In 's wake the flood in gentle eddies flows.  
The hoary seal in wonderment drew nigh,  
And reared his wary head and shoulders high  
Above the wave, charmed with the lengthened notes  
Which from the boatswain's shrilly whistle floats;  
The distant woods that bristled on the shore  
Proved a land-fall that north the Nelson bore;  
The ship once more got under way, and sailed  
A mile or more, and then the breeze quite failed;  
And, darkness coming down with drizzly rain,  
The word is given, the anchor's down again.  
We yet must wait another sun before  
We hail a stranger from Hesperia's shore.

## LANDING AT YORK.

Morn o'er the wave shone out exulting bright;  
The splendid waters flashed with golden light;  
With early dawn, far on the glittering tide,  
A shallop's tiny form was seen to ride,  
And, as the labouring oar each brisk stroke made,  
Flashed in the morning sun the rising blade.  
Her swallow wings could scarce her speed avail—

The passing zephyr scarcely fanned the sail ;  
Yet she came dancing merrily o'er the wave,  
As each long sweep a strenuous impulse gave ;  
" All hands ! " make sail again ! the bark will glide  
Into the road-stead on the rising tide.  
The boat drew up beneath the gangway tall,  
She grapples to the ship—the man-ropes fall ;  
Swiftly the crew the bulging sides ascend,  
And through the hollied decks in wonder wend ;  
A mongrel crew they were as e'er pulled o'er  
In boat of six from any stranger shore—  
Canadians, Metifs, Crees, Hebridean Gaels,  
And wandering natives of Orcadian dales.  
The Indian garb those motley settlers wear,  
Gaudy yet homely, makes a stranger stare ; (g)  
The garnished mocassin of tawdry show,  
The scarlet sash, and moose or grey capot,  
With ornamental work for various needs,  
Tinsel of quills, and party-coloured beads.  
I'm in the boat. And thou, my bark, adieu !  
And, for a time, farewell, thou ocean blue !  
Away ! and stripped, the rowers strive and strain,  
And ply the limber oar with might and main ;  
The beacon rises; then the level shore  
With thick-set stunted wood all covered o'er;  
And broad the noblest estuary lay,  
Which pours its torrents into Hudson's Bay.  
But oh ! how tame and tiresome is the scene !  
Dreary, and dull, and cheerless, well I ween ;  
Along th' unwavering verge-line of the sky,  
On either side, no rising meets the eye ;  
One dusky streak the narrow fringe of pine  
That lies between the heaven's blue and the brine ;

And, near as to the muddy beach we drew,  
Their spear-like summits bristled to the view.  
O lifeless scene ! Adieu, romantic fire !  
What muse emotionless canst thou inspire ?

## CONCLUSION.

Thou restless element, romantic sea !  
Thou pathless, wide, unfathomed mystery !  
The ship's wild way amid thy billows' rage  
A wonder seemed to Israel's royal sage.  
Borne on thy waters, I have traced afar  
Thy fairy calms, and wild, tempestuous war ;  
The gentle breeze and merry laughing gale  
Have each adorned the changes of my tale ;  
Through vergeless desert, and through frozen strait,  
Through crystal icebergs piled in craggy state,  
Through ocean isles, by hoary sea-fronts bold,  
And hills for ever wrapped in winter's cold,  
I've passed, and mused upon their wonders dread,  
All as my bark her changeful journey sped ;  
Yet all that I have witnessed on thy breast  
Has but waked up the fancy's wild unrest.  
Yea, from a child I've dwelt beside thy deeps,  
And heard them murmur round thy caverned steeps  
On Orcades' remote and tide-swept shore,  
Where Runic scalds sung sea-kings' might of yore  
And, ere the charms of poesy had thrown  
Their fascination round my heart, thy moan  
Had wooed mine ear to listen, and the foam,  
That whitened on the billows round my home,  
The rapid tides careering through the firth,  
The raving roosts to which their strife gave birth,  
The calm that shone beneath a summer sky,

Yea, and the wandering sail that glided by—  
Had each its own enchantment to my sight,  
Long ere the muse had lent my heart delight;  
And then I wondered of the mighty deep,  
Where ocean deserts in their darkness sweep,  
And longed to brave his clouds, that I might trace  
His wilder marvels on his shoreless space ;  
And I have had my wish, yet wonder more  
Is all that I have learned beneath thy lore.  
Then keep thy secrets still, thou moody deep !  
And still thy searchless marvels hidden keep !  
Who knows the utterance of thy sounding waves,  
Or the responses of thine azure caves ?  
Canst thou declare what the great Deluge did ?  
What of the old world in thy womb is hid ?  
Beneath the rolling of thy billows dread,  
Engulfed for time, were earth's young ages laid ?  
For not one monument is left behind  
Of man's inventive, art-devising mind ;  
Of our grey sires who trode th' undeluged plains  
Not even one ghastly relic here remains.  
Thou mootest not the secret. Well, adieu !  
Yet thou hast one strain I can render too ;  
Thou tellest it aloud in every state  
In which thou wear'st thy visage—GOD IS GREAT !

## NOTES.

A. (*p. 34, line 12*)

Rupert's Land, or the Territories of the Hudson's Bay Company, embraces a very wide extent of country, almost as large as the whole continent of Europe. It extends from the shores of Hudson's Bay, S.E. and S. to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the boundaries of the Canadas; W. from the chain of the great lakes, across the Rocky Mountains, to the Columbia River, where it falls into the Pacific; and N. along the boundary of the Russian territory in  $42^{\circ}$  of N. longitude, to the shores of the Arctic Ocean. It is only regarding the district in the vicinity of Hudson's Bay, however, that the reproaches in the opening stanzas are expressed; which, of all localities on the face of this wide earth, is the most dull and cheerless in its topography. From Cape Churchill, on the west, to the Severn River, on the southern shore of the Bay, and for at least a hundred miles inland, is one level swamp, covered with the larch and white spruce, and an underwood of dwarf-birch, currant-bushes, dogwood, &c. Through the centre of this tract of country flow the broad streams of the Nelson and Hayes Rivers. On the western bank of the latter stands York Factory, the general dépôt for the trade of the northern department of the Fur Countries—about five miles from its mouth, which is bounded on the east by Cape Tatnam, and on the west by the Marsh Point—a tongue of swampy land running into the sea between the estuaries of the two rivers—on which is erected a beacon, or tower, consisting of

an open framework of logs, about fifty feet in height, for a landmark to vessels approaching the entrance to the river. As may be supposed, in the neighbourhood of a low, swampy shore, the soundings are so shallow that a ship can scarcely approach within sight of the coast until she first signals the shore by the report of cannon. There are buoys placed to mark the fair way to the Inner Roads—the nearest anchorage—which is at least two miles beyond the extremity of the Marsh Point, and is commonly named “Five-fathom Hole.” These buoys are laid down each summer, before the arrival of ships from England, and are taken up again after their departure, as the whole extent of river and sea is one interminable plain of ice during seven or eight months of the year. The inconceivable torrents of fresh water and mud carried down by the two rivers (whose estuaries are in width respectively—the Nelson twenty, and Hayes’ River from three to four miles), have so altered the appearance of the shore, that it has much more of a lacustrine than a marine appearance; and pure salt water is not to be seen until one is carried considerably out of sight of land. The botanical features of this swampy country are of course very different from anything to which a stranger has been accustomed. There is a paucity of genera and species, as well as a sameness in different spots, which render some of the brightest floral specimens wearisome to the eye. There are very few birds that pass the winter here [see Note, *antea*, p. 32], but there are a considerable variety that visit the place in the early part of the summer, and some of gaudy plumage; but their stay is very short. The robin—a bird known over all the northern part of the American continent—is a large species of thrush, fully larger than our mavis; he is the *Turdus migratorius* of naturalists. His russet-coloured breast has obtained for him the same cognomen as his lesser namesake of the Old World.

B. (p. 37, line 27.)

The Stack is a perpendicular, or rather conical, rock

which rises abruptly from the sea some thirty or forty miles to the westward of the Orkneys. Not far from it, and rather nearer the islands, lies a low reef named Seal-skerry.

C. (*p. 40, line 9.*)

This ocean pyramid must not be confounded with an island of the same name in the group of the Hebrides. It lies to the north, or rather north-east, of the Lewis, and to the west of the Orkneys. It resembles the Bass Rock in its appearance, but is scarcely so large, and does not appear to afford a landing place.

D. (*p. 41, line 20.*)

A few miles to the north-west of Barra lies Rona, a small island with precipitous and craggy shores, and inhabited, I believe, by a few families, who procure a subsistence from the sea. They pay a rent in kind—fish, oil, &c.—to the proprietor, who resides in the Hebrides. I have been told that both men and women live and die on that small speck of ocean turf, without once witnessing any other portion of God's creation than the sea around them.

E. (*p. 68, line 13.*)

The age of icebergs is rather an uncertain question ; but when we consider the enormous masses which they present above water, and that, in conformity with their specific gravity, there must be a much larger proportion underneath, I do not think that we will err in allowing even centuries for the formation of such masses as are often seen floating out of Baffin's Bay. I extract from a volume of the Cabinet Library ("Polar Seas and Regions") the following :—"The snow which annually falls on the islands, or continents, being again dissolved by the progress of the summer's heat, pours forth numerous rills and limpid streams, which collect along the indented shores, and in the deep bays enclosed by precipitous rocks. There this clear and gelid water soon freezes, and every successive year supplies an additional in-

vesting crust, till, after the lapse of several centuries, the icy mass rises at last to the size and aspect of a mountain, commensurate with the elevation of the adjoining cliffs. The melting of the snow which is afterwards deposited on such enormous blocks, likewise contributes to their growth ; and, by filling up the accidental holes or crevices, it renders the whole structure compact and uniform. Meanwhile, the principle of destruction has already begun its operations. The ceaseless agitation of the sea gradually wears and undermines the base of the icy mountain, till, at length, by the action of its own accumulated weight, when it has perhaps attained an altitude of a thousand, or even two thousand feet, it is torn from its frozen chains, and precipitated, with tremendous plunge, into the abyss below. This mighty launch now floats like a lofty island on the ocean, till, driven southwards by winds and currents, it insensibly wastes and dissolves away in the wide Atlantic.”

F. (*p. 70, line 14.*)

From Cape Chidley on the south (a headland on one of the group Button's Islands), and Cape Resolution on the north, the land extending along both sides of Hudson's Straits is of a very rugged, mountainous character, and infuses into the desolate scenery of those regions a grandeur which is seldom surpassed. The first land we sighted was Button's Islands. Their summits were gleaming blue in the clear light of the morning ; and around them were piled up enormous icebergs and mounds of packed ice, in confusion as terrible as if the powers of the Arctic Ocean had been bombarding these mountains with masses of ice, and the spent missiles had accumulated in heaps around their shores as they had rebounded from their brows.

G. (*p. 93, line 15.*)

As observed in a former note, a ship approaching York Factory must cast anchor before she comes within sight of

land, and give notice of her proximity by a signal gun. This signal is anxiously looked for from the Factory when the time of arrival from England draws near—generally from the 10th to the 20th of August. As soon as it is heard, the horizon seaward is surveyed with a telescope from an elevated platform in the neighbourhood of the Factory; and, if the weather is clear, the topgallant masts of the vessel will in all probability be discerned above the verge-line of the water. A yawl is then manned with six rowers and an officer in command, and proceeds to sea in the direction of the ship, returning in the course of the day with the passengers and letter-bags. The motley character of the boat's crew referred to was striking. The establishment at York is composed of those who are less useful in other parts of the country, or can be rendered more serviceable at the dépôt; and are selected from all classes employed in the Company's service. Europeans are generally but a very short time in the country until they begin to manifest an extraordinary tendency to imitate the gaudy costume of the aboriginal inhabitants, who, from their long intercourse with the fur-traders, have in a considerable degree abandoned the more uncivilized Indian habit. The capot is the all-prevailing wear. Its fashion has been originally adapted from the French Canadians, and its various modes of ornament from different Indian tribes. It is generally made of white blanket, or coloured cloth of a bright hue, and very often of moose leather—the dressed skins of the elk—which are procured in the Saskatchewan and Athabasca districts. It is seldom buttoned, but is secured by a scarlet worsted sash, the gracefulness of the adjustment of which becomes a matter of much study and taste. The mocassin is the only protection for the foot which is either safe or comfortable during the frosty period of the year; it has its shades of quality, from the roughest bullhide to the most elegantly and finely prepared rein-deer skin, garnished with silk embroidery. Large quantities of small coloured and white

enamel beads are annually imported for the sole purpose of working ornamental figures on the capot, Indian stocking, and mocassin. The Indians have also a method of dyeing swan-quills blue, red, and green, which, when split into narrow stripes, are wrought into figures on the same articles of dress. For further information concerning York Factory and its inhabitants, I beg leave to refer the reader to a small volume published some years ago by a young gentleman who had passed some years there—“Hudson’s Bay; or, Life in the Wilderness. By R. M. Ballantyne.”

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ADDITIONAL NOTE.

I fondly hoped that the foregoing “Sketches” would have made a better appearance after considerable labour spent in remodelling and touching them up; and I must confess that I feel a little disappointed after having gone over the manuscript correction for the press. I can only say that I am sorry that they are not better. I will not deprecate any one’s condemnation, however unsparingly awarded, but will endeavour to profit by the chastisement. I cannot disarm the critic, but am determined to take what other advantage of him lies in my power, and will anticipate some of his strictures. These “Sketches” were at first hastily written, and much more voluminously, and without the slightest idea of their ever being published. Subsequent labour has improved them considerably; but, after all the cutting and slashing which I have had at them, I do not consider that they by any means come up to the standard of the rest of the volume. There are, indeed, a number of passages which please me, but they are mixed up with a great deal that is heavy and rumbling. They might have been perhaps improved by a considerably further amount of paring down, but such a proceeding would have rather impaired the connection of the different portions of the narrative—a connection which I was desirous if possible to maintain throughout.

After mature deliberation, I have come to the resolution of hazarding them in their present form, begging the reader to bear in mind that the writer by no means considers them a finished or polished production, but that he intends that they should follow the preceding poem—"The Sea"—after the fashion that a kettle-drum follows a brass band. I am fully alive to their faults ; and I could, if I chose, point out whatever rhyme savours of the expletive, and what passages or phrases are either in bad taste, common-place, or prosaic, and perhaps one or two that are imitative, if not actually borrowed. Yet, with all their faults, I have a lingering hope that they will not be unconditionally condemned, nor branded as pure and unadulterated doggrel ; and that what is good will be able to buoy up what is bad—so far at least as to keep them floating on the surface.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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### A VISION OF LIFE.

"TELL me, my soul, why art thou restless? Why dost thou look forward to the future with such strong desire? The present is thine, and the past—and the future shall be! Oh, that thou didst look forward to the great hereafter with half the longing wherewith thou longest for an earthly future—which a few days at most will bring thee!"—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

#### I.

His hour—ah, too aspiring man!—  
 He cares not to enjoy,  
 But shadows dim afar to scan  
     Aye bends his earnest eye ;  
 Looks with regret on what has been ;  
 Wonders that from each vanished scene  
     No more of bliss he drew ;  
 Yet onward still his footsteps lead,  
 And as he journeys to the dead,  
     Fresh phantoms charm his view.

#### II.

My soul into a trance was cast  
 While musing on this theme ;

A vision of Life's Drama passed  
 Before me in a dream :  
 I saw a child at dawn of day  
 Through a green meadow take his way.  
 The morn was bright and fair ;  
 The skylark trimmed his little wing,  
 And climbed his sunny tower to sing ;  
 And balmy was the air.

## III.

The fields with fragrance were replete,  
 Adorned with every hue ;  
 And the little azure violet  
 Was weeping tears of dew.  
 Enamoured of morn's beauties young,  
 To pluck the wilding sweets he sprung,  
 With step elate and gay ;  
 But soon as won, their charms were fled,  
 Some choicer blossom onward led,  
 He strewed them by the way.

## IV.

A silver streamlet crossed his way—  
 This child was now a youth ;  
 A shallop in the sedges lay,  
 The tide was clear and smooth ;  
 A thousand gilded prospects bright  
 Now, dancing in his dazzled sight,  
 An ardent impulse gave ;  
 One object gleams above the rest,  
 With buoyant heart and bounding breast  
 He tempts the glittering wave.

## V.

I saw him launched upon the tide,  
And swiftly borne along;  
But swifter far his visions glide,  
And vanish in the throng:  
Fame he pursued, but passed her by;  
Then Beauty drew his ravished eye,  
He gazed—and she was gone;  
Here Wealth displayed her ample store,  
There Pleasure's charms, and Wisdom's lore—  
The tide still bore him on.

## VI.

He landed in a pathless wood,—  
This youth was now a man;  
He turned to view the pleasant flood—  
The flood no longer ran;  
But Wealth, and Fame, and Pleasure fair  
Invited him their joys to share,  
And Beauty's syren charm;  
Fame hallooed through the woods, unseen;  
He rushed to pluck her laurels green—  
The echo knew no form.

## VII.

Then Wealth his lingering steps retards,  
Sheen glittering in his way;  
He could not wait for her awards,  
His journey onward lay.  
Then Beauty caught him with her smile;  
He took her hand; a little while  
They journeyed on together;

But soon she faded at his side,  
Dim through the shades was seen to glide,  
And disappeared for ever.

## VIII.

I saw him rush through wood and wild,—  
The man was past his prime,  
Yet on he strained, by shadows guiled,  
The fag of tireless Time;  
His earnest longings after bliss  
Dreamed of ideal happiness,  
And bore his courage up;  
On visions past he looked regret,  
On prospects boastful hopes he set,  
And spurned his sated cup.

## IX.

As downward through the vale of years  
His staggering footsteps led,  
His staff the palsied burden shares,  
Aye knocking at the dead;  
A pilgrim to his long abode,  
Towards the verge of Time he yode  
Where yawned Eternity;  
I saw him recl upon the brink,  
In the searchless gulf I saw him sink—  
Poor, proud Mortality!

## THE WAR IN THE EAST.

ONCE more the peal of war's loud thunder breaks ;  
Jehovah rises, and the nations shakes ;  
Embattled legions, bristling in array,  
Flaunt their proud banners gallantly and gay.  
The crafty despot of the frozen wold  
Has hurled the gauntlet of defiance bold,  
And dares all banded Europe to repel  
The barbed aggression he has wrought so well.  
Nobly the Moslem has his challenge met—  
Time has not damped his martial ardour yet ;—  
Triumphantly he pushed the bloody fray,  
And won himself Silistria's fearful day,  
Where Ister rolls his waters red with gore,  
And thousands slain lie cold on either shore.  
Strike ! sons of Islam ! strike th' invader down !  
Though signs portend and fates relentless frown.  
What though the clouds of destiny o'ercast !  
What though thine empire's day's declining fast !  
What though the Crescent's sway Destruction waits,  
And stamps his iron seal on Stamboul's gates !  
Rise ! Islam ! rise ! and, ere thy sun expire,  
Hurl back the foe with all thy wonted fire !  
Yea, in thy dying agonies, defy  
The chilling grasp of Russian tyrauny !  
And, ere death seal thine eyes, thou yet may'st see  
Thine empire fallen, but thy people free ;  
Thy soil by foot of Muscovite untrod,  
And freedom heir, the gift thou hadst from God.

Hear ! Prince, who sittest on the Cæsars' throne !  
Surviving scion of imperial Rome !  
Not all the sufferings of the bygone age,  
When Austria quailed before Napoleon's rage,  
The slaughtered hosts that strewed Marengo's plain,  
The mangled heaps of Austerlitz's slain,  
The blood that crimsoned Hohenlinden's snow,  
Nor Wagram's dead that cumbered Ister's flow,  
Not all her woes have taught thy heart to feel  
For freedom crushed beneath thine impious heel.  
Wouldst thou survive the gathering storms that lower ?  
Then draw thy sword against the despot's power !  
Or wilt thou still, beneath thy grinding thrall,  
Oppress the fallen ? then fear a tyrant's fall !  
The day of dreadful retribution's nigh ;  
Mazzini lives !—and lives for Italy !  
Kossuth yet breathes the curse of vengeance due,  
And, wistful, waits the struggle to renew ;  
For Heaven regards expiring Hungary's cries ;  
And crushed and trampled Poland shall arise  
And burst her chains ; for Kosciuzko's fire  
Shall glow again, and not in blood expire.

And she, the bulwark of the fatherland,  
Who lingers yet to bare her battle-brand—  
Has she forgot how Jena's direful day  
Repaid her league with dark Napoleon's sway ?

France, writhing fresh from revolution's throes,  
Tired of the strife, now turns on foreign foes ;  
Ruled by a child of destiny, whose power,  
Confirmed by fate, constrains her for the hour,  
Marshals her legions, and in might goes forth  
To tempt again the hailstorms of the North.

Indignant Albion lifts her loud protest,  
And, ever first to succour the oppressed,  
Thrusters her strong arm before the blustering Czar  
Who shakes o'er Christendom the scourge of war;  
And shields his victim from the ravening bear,  
Who, clutching, growls, and whets his fangs to tear.  
Strike for thy birthright, England! interpose!  
And count the foes of freedom all thy foes!  
Lift high the red-cross banner to the breeze,  
Which claims the proud dominion of the seas,  
And from thy thick-ribbed oak the thunder pour,  
Which tells thy power to earth's remotest shore!  
Where loudest roars the battle, press the fray,  
Should Russian, Frank, or German bar thy way!  
Fulfil the glorious mission thee assigned  
To rend the fetters forged to gall mankind!  
Thine arm shall humble every despot's pride,  
Thy flag triumphant on the waves shall ride,  
And from the strife of nations thou shalt come  
Umpire of wars, and tower of Christendom.

Thus, when revolted France, athirst for prey,  
In blood and rapine traced her withering way,  
Marshalled her legions at Napoleon's beck,  
And placed her galling yoke on Europe's neck,  
While humbled kingdoms crouched in servile woe,  
And licked the blood-stained hand that dealt the blow,  
Britannia stood unmoved 'mid war's alarms,  
And hurled defiance at a world in arms.

*July, 1854.*

## EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

My thoughts fall back upon the past,  
On dream-like days long since o'ercast,  
And conjure up fair images  
Of pangless childhood, passionless,  
With shades of those whose infant days  
Were all *they* knew of life's dark maze.  
Oh ! summer's sun, and summer's flowers,  
In blooming June's resplendent hours,  
To our young hearts had more of charm  
Than all that can this bosom warm.  
Ye images, still throng around !  
Ye shadows, without voice or sound !  
Come, gather near, that I may trace  
The features of a long-lost face !  
Ha ! who yon little cherub boy  
With cheek that glows with childish joy ?  
A parted brother's form he wears,  
Companion of my tender years ;  
One whom moss-grown memorials hide,  
One for whom tears have long been dried.  
Dear brother ! many a year has rolled  
With summer's heat and winter's cold,  
And many more have found that rest  
They envied thee ere 'twas possessed,  
Since, tired of changing seasons here,  
Thou sought'st a bright unchanging sphere.  
Yet still are fresh in memory  
The days that saw our childish glee ;

Yes, I remember—'twas the last,  
The brightest gay day e'er we passed,  
We waudered forth the joys to share  
Which nature's blooming beauties wear.  
Though many summers I have seen  
With blossomed banks and hillocks green,  
And crystal streamlets, cool and clear,  
Have chimed their music to mine ear,  
And flowrets fair, of gaudy dye,  
Have drawn my fascinated eye,  
Yet, since that ne'er forgotten day,  
Nature has never been so gay,  
Methinks ; no sun been e'er so bright,  
No balmy breezes e'er so light,  
No cloudless sky so azure clear,  
No song so charming to the ear  
From lark that soared beyond the eye,  
Poised on his fluttering wing on high ;  
No grassy knolls have looked so green,  
Nor flowers so lovely have I seen.  
We wandered till, o'ercome with play,  
Down on a verdant bank we lay ;  
And there we plucked the smiling flowers  
In primest of their blooming hours,  
And gaudy garlands there we wreathed  
All as the balmy zephyr breathed ;  
The busy bee went humming by ;  
The trim-decked, wanton butterfly—  
Just burst into its wingéd life  
With every bright enjoyment rife—  
We cared no longer to pursue  
As in its fitful flights it flew.  
We sought our home when day declined

And shadows lengthened far behind;  
But thou wast sick of summer's heat,  
For on thy fevered brow had beat  
The rays that vexed thy aching head;  
For thee the couch of death was spread,  
Whose weary day and sleepless night  
Thy spring of youth and health did blight.  
Summer was fair, and nature gay,  
But for those toys thou couldst not stay;  
Death had thee in his giant grasp;  
Thou withered'st in his shivering clasp;  
Brief as the sunflash on the wave  
Thou shone, and found an early grave.  
Thoughtless and young, it soon was past,  
Next spring was cheerful as the last,  
And summer brought its fresh delight  
To youth, like youth's hopes, always bright.  
But now when lone hours tardy roll,  
And dull dejection clouds the soul,  
Days that have glided down the stream  
Steal back upon me like a dream.  
Ah! Time! why thus our peace destroy?  
Why, envious of our social joy,  
Wilt thou still urge thy ceaseless flight?  
Still sweeping from the world of light  
Years that glide swifter than the past,  
And days still fleeter than the last?  
Wilt thou, unnerved, in slumbers lave?  
Or, tired, thy wearied pinions wave?  
Nay!—speed thou on, and speed thee fast!  
Thou'l<sup>t</sup> join me to the lost at last.

## THE STORM IN THE EUXINE,

NOVEMBER 14TH, 1854.

'Tis the blackness of night on the gusty waves  
 Of the Euxine, which dash as he wanders and raves,  
 Girt in his wintry terrors, and grim  
 With the scowl of the clouds which are sweeping his brim,  
 While the fire from his foam flashes white on the sea,  
 And he sighs to his deeps right heavily ;  
 He sighs to his deeps, and he sounds to the night  
 Which has quenched each star-gleam to the mariner's sight ;  
 But the watch-fires of war glimmer far o'er the seas,  
 And the Red Light flares fitful on Cape Chersonese.

The stark shroud of gloom is in volumes descending,  
 And the murk of the cloud with the black wave is blending ;  
 Lo ! the cloud by the arrowy lightning is riven ;  
 Hark ! the crash of the hurricane roars from the heaven ;  
 Like a thunderbolt hurled by Jehovah's right hand,  
 It strikes the wild waters with agonies grand,  
 Whirls up the writhed surge as it sweeps in its flight,  
 And plucks its white crest in the mirth of its might,  
 Hurls high the huge billow, and rends it again,  
 And scatters its fragments in showers o'er the main ;  
 Careering in triumph, it laughs in its glee,  
 And whitens its path with the foam of the sea,  
 Till the sea in his terror and agony quakes,  
 And the stunned vessel staggers, as white round her breaks  
 The rage of the waves lashed to frenzy and fight,  
 And they leap o'er her bulwarks in torrents of might.

The shriek of the blast, as it stoops from the sky,  
Howls shrill through the shrouds and the sail-rags that fly ;  
The roar of the billow is furious and loud,  
As it flings its foam white on the sable storm-cloud ;  
The blaze of the fire that is struck from the foam,  
Flashes fierce to the lightning that shoots from the dome  
Of black darkness where, livid, it darts through the blast,  
And splits in its fury the splintering mast ;  
In its wake, the hoarse thunder is shattering the cloud,  
Till it falls with a crash that is rattling and loud,  
And the torrents of rain, as they spout in the sea,  
Hiss and sputter aloud in their frenzy ;—but see  
How the rags of the cloud, by the hurricane torn,  
On the wings of the whirlwind exultingly borne,  
Are flying in scud o'er the scene of wild war !  
Revealing the gleam of some terror-struck star  
Which is seen, through the thin haze, for refuge to fly  
To the murkiest depths of the cloud-rolling sky,  
As the tide of the conflict is rolled o'er the deep ;  
How the surges are storming the crags of the steep !  
But, spurned from its frown of impregnable rock,  
They writhe in their rage and return to the shock,  
And, dashing, and foaming, and roaring around,  
Swell hoarse the loud tumult with thunders of sound ;  
The terrors of conflict creation deform  
And the spirits of darkness are coursing the storm.

And the ships ?—As the wreck of a routed array  
Is swept by the blast of the battle away,  
When the rush of the horsemen is riding it down,  
All broken its squadrons, its banners o'erthrown,  
So, smitten and stripped by the hurricane's blast,  
On the war of the waters all helplessly cast,

With the surf of the billow all headlong they're driven  
By the wild waves beneath and the tempest from heaven.  
There the Red Cross of Albion expires in the foam ;  
There the Crescent goes down in a deep yawning tomb ;  
There the Tricolor sinks in the whelm of the wave,  
And the Euxine shouts victory over the brave,  
As, in pride of his triumph, he rages and roars,  
And scourges the crags of his cliff-bordered shores.

Aloft the bright curve of the rocket is streaming ;  
And the blaze of the *blue light* of danger is gleaming ;  
By a mountain of foam for a while it is hid—  
Then it glares on the slope of a dark pyramid  
Of brine that is hissed up, all seething and sounding,  
From the roar of the deep, by the surges surrounding,  
Where the roadstead is heaving in awful commotion  
With the swell of the billow upcurled in the ocean,  
Which has waxed in wild might as it rolled on its way,  
And roars, as it shakes its white crest at its prey.  
The ships, as they swing to the surges' vast sweep,  
Have rolled out their masts as a bribe to the deep ;  
The tense and tired cables are creaking and straining,  
And the tossed ships are toiling, and pitching, and 'plaining ;  
The surf of the billow is flying in foam,  
Or in masses, disparted, of greenish gloom,  
O'er the hulk as she heavily heaves to the swell,  
And the tempest howls by with derisive yell ;  
The mariner hears it, confronting his doom,  
And looks in the jaws of his hungering tomb.  
Lo ! wrenched from her chains, the doomed ship gives way,  
Spins fierce through the foam in a vortex of spray,  
And melts in the breakers that boil on the shore,  
As the metal is fused in the furnace's roar.

The morning is breaking :—the rags of the night,  
All fiery and purple, glare wild with affright,  
As they sail in fierce haste on the verge of the sky  
Where the aerial wrecks of the thunder-storm lie,  
And the sun-rise is shrouded in mountains of fire  
Whose wild streaming red glares with turbulence dire.  
The white waves still sweep o'er the Euxine ; the spray  
In the skirts of the grey clouds is hurried away ;  
With the haze of the drift the horizon is dim,  
And the billows heave high their jagged spires on its brim,  
Where the masts of a vessel wild rocking are seen,  
Now high on the billow, now plunging between,  
And the smoke from her funnel—a thin wreathy cloud—  
Is limned like a haze on the hoary scud ;  
Like a thing that is drowning she struggles and strives,  
And strains through the surge, as to leeward she drives ;  
The thin wreath of smoke, that had tracked her wild way,  
Is lost in the fast flying drift of the spray ;  
Her engines are still, and she buffets no more  
The billows, but drives like a wreck to the shore ;  
One last and wild struggle ere hope they resign—  
But the eables are snapped in the heave of the brine,  
And, borne on the roll of the surges along,  
She is shröuded the foam of the breakers among,  
And dashed, in the midst of a cloud of white spray,  
On the grim looming crags of the precipice grey.  
One yell of the tempest—one shriek of despair—  
One roar of the breakers—that boomed through the air,  
And the brave ship is shivered in splinters so fine  
They leave not a trace on the white seething brine.

Or afar, gliding swift through the chasms of the deep,  
A sail-rag is seen like a sea-bird to sweep ;

Now dimly it looms through the rack of the spray,  
Then 'tis rocked on the white foam, dusky and grey,  
Then down through the vale of the waters 'tis borne,  
And 'tis hid by the surge swelling shaggy and torn,  
Then, rising in triumph, the dark hulk is seen  
Glancing black in the burst of the foam white and sheen ;  
The bold hearts of Britain are guiding the helm,  
And she walks through the war of the storm-ridden realm.  
Like a spirit she walks on the chasm-cleaving gale,  
To windward she speeds her—that speck of a sail  
In the trail of the storm-cloud is borne through the fray  
And wings through the waves like a bird in the spray.

The winds are outrageous, the waves are devouring,  
But the foe a more dastardly vengeance is showering ;  
See that black rifted hulk, without rudder or mast,  
On her beam-ends in midst of the hurricane cast !  
The billows are chasing her, foaming, and roaring,  
And the spout of the surge through her hatches is pouring ;  
There's a split in her side gaping white to the sea,  
And it shuts or it rives as she lurches alee ;  
Her drenched crew cling fast to her slippery sides,  
As the wreck drifts along, and the greedy wave chides ;  
Each plunge in the surf seems her last, and each rise,  
As the surges upheave her and sport with their prize,  
Reveals the death-grasp as it locks to the chains,  
And the struggle convulsed where the dying one strains,  
While around them the bombs and the balls hiss and rattle  
Of the cravens who dared not confront them in battle.

Let the wild winds exult, and the mighty waves roar,  
And in foam wreath the crags of the Euxine shore !  
Let them toss the frail bark like a weed through the spray !

And laugh at vain man as they noise on their way !  
'Tis thus they have done, since the ages of old,  
O'er the bones that lie whitening within their deeps cold ;  
And thus they will do when our warriors bold  
Have passed all away like a tale that is told ;  
When the loud din of war, that now sounds on the shore  
Of the Euxine, shall die in his undying roar,  
The hosts which he holds since that terrible night  
Shall be dirged by the sound of his moody might ;  
And those cliffs, which the towers of Sebastopol crown,  
Shall scowl on the deep with their own native frown,  
When the storm of destruction has swept from their brow  
Those bulwarks of tyranny throned there now.  
The proud flag of England shall rule on the main,  
And her strong arm the banners of freedom sustain,  
When the despot is smitten, his eagles struck down,  
His myrmidons scattered, his strongholds o'erthrown.  
As the dawn rises glorious, in golden attire,  
O'er the jagged clouds, that flame like a ruin on fire,  
Dissolve in the glow of the kindling ray,  
And disperse at the glance of the herald of day,  
The dark night of tyrants' oppression has ceased,  
And the morning of freedom will dawn on the East  
O'er the ruins of Russia's ambition, and shine  
On the wreck of her thrall, with a radiance divine,  
Till oppression and tyranny fade from the earth,  
And melt like the mist in the morning beam's mirth—  
And Britannia shall bear to earth's uttermost shores  
Her freedom, the gift of the God she adores !

## THE VOICES OF THE PAST.

### I.

THE voices of the past,  
 Those memories time endears,  
 The bliss of joys long passed away  
 In robes of holy light portray  
 The world of life's young years,  
 Whose sweet control  
 Steals o'er the soul

When time has whelmed them all beneath its ceaseless roll.

### II.

The paths we loved to roam,  
 The waters chiming by,  
 The hues of earth, her spangled green,  
 The brightness of the summer sheen,  
 The azure sea and sky,  
 All seem to wear  
 A charm more fair

Than any frugal joys our present pleasures share.

### III.

We drown our cares in sleep,  
 We rise from pleasing dreams,  
 Our visioned paradise is fled ;  
 The world appears as cold and dead  
 As frigid starry gleams  
 Whose meteor light,  
 In a frosty night,  
 Shines clear, but yet imparts no cheering to the sight.

## IV.

Like such a fleeting dream  
 The memory of the past  
 Steals back upon the soul, in light  
 So purely fair, so calmly bright,  
 We grieve time rolls so fast.

'Tis idle all :  
 We cannot eall

To life one vanished scene that holds the heart in thrall.

## V.

False fleeting shadows, hence !  
 This striving of the soul,  
 This restless energy within,  
 This struggle of the life, to win  
 Some happier, prouder goal,  
 Proves man's great quest  
 Is *to be blessed*,

That this polluted world is not his place of rest.

## VI.

His nobler part, the soul,  
 Clogged with this weight of clay,  
 Drags it along from stage to stage  
 Of life's delusive pilgrimage,  
 And longs to soar away  
 To its abode ;  
 Lost is the road ;

Something it wants, and knows not that this want is GOD.

## VII.

The soul would sink beneath  
 The burden which it bears ;

When sorrows wound, and sins assail,  
The heart, through hope deferred, would fail  
    And faint amidst its fears,  
    If Faith's keen eye  
        Could not deservy  
The goodnesses Divine which in life's journey lie.

## VIII.

Yet, poor benighted soul !  
    There's higher hope for thee ;  
Look up !—a Saviour points the way  
To realms of never-ending day,  
    Thine immortality.  
    Rise !—nerve each limb !  
    Let not the dim  
Of doubt unwing thy faith or shake thy trust in Him !

## THE RUIN.

HIGH on a craggy sea-front,  
 Which spurns the angry deep,  
 There stands a ruined castle,  
 Grey leaning o'er the steep.  
 In adamantine mortar bound  
 Its thick and massy walls;—  
 But where a vestige of the beams  
 Once floored its upper halls?  
 In loop-hole or on broken ledge  
 The dry rough grass is seen,  
 And the scurvy-grass and stone-crop show  
 Their leaves of deeper green.  
 The mortar-soldered stone displays  
 More traces of decay  
 Then does that strange rude masonry  
 All of the olden day.  
 'Tis bulwarked yet, as 'twas of old,  
 With precipice of rock  
 Which dares its rugged front, unscathed,  
 To every billow's shock;  
 Far, far below, the blue profound  
 Aye welters with its waves,  
 Aye chafing with a ceaseless sound  
 And sighing through the caves.  
 Its battlements are broken down,  
 Its walls are seared and riven,  
 And through its roofless chambers wail  
 'The four wild winds of heaven;

Dark Eurus, from the ocean, comes  
With hoarse and sullen roar,  
Lifts the big billow, in his might,  
And hurls it at the shore ;  
It rushes in its roaring rage  
Against the rugged steep,  
But, shivered into writhing foam,  
Is scattered on the deep.  
Or Auster, in a milder mood,  
With long and sullen moan,  
Sighs to the ocean drearily,  
Around the cold grey stone.  
And Zephyr—here no gentle breeze  
That flits through fairy bowers—  
Sweeps with a maniac, howling blast,  
And shrieks amidst his showers.  
But Boreas, in his regal sway,  
Fresh from his iey throne,  
Drives headlong down from iron skies  
Those storms he calls his own.  
This ruined castle there has stood  
And looked upon the deep,  
Yet there has seen no change since first  
It rose upon the steep ;  
Still, fresh as when creation rose,  
Rejoice the restless waves ;  
Still murmuring their pristine song  
Among the echoing caves.

In that old tower the Sea-king erst  
Has wassailed o'er his bowl ;  
And the scald has sung his saga there  
To fire his warlike soul ;

And there, a lawless plunderer,  
The tyrant of the main,  
Like eagle on his eyrie perched,  
Reigned dread the roving Dane ;  
Walled by the everlasting rock,  
And sheltered by the deep,  
Save where he hung his draw-bridge, stood  
Impregnable his keep.

What crimes within those grey old walls  
Could history disclose  
If time had kept in chronicle  
What Heaven only knows !  
What deeds of blood have there been done,  
In darkness hid to view,  
What cries have from that dungeon come,  
As the dreary night-wind blew,  
We ask not, for they lie concealed  
In darkness deep and dread,  
'Mongst secrets which the sea will hide  
Till Death give up his dead.  
'Tis ages since the hands which reared  
Yon tower were stiff and cold ;  
And generations each in turn  
That tower has seen grow old ;  
And still it stands, a monument  
How much aspiring man  
In his proud doings can achieve,  
How little yet he can.  
And, speaking thus, it yet shall stand  
As long as it has stood—  
“Remember, man ! there was an age  
Of rapine and of blood !”

Now, wouldst thou know this strange old tower,  
Or see what it is like,  
Go, visit Castle Girnigoe,  
Or the Old Man of Wick !

1854.

## THE EXILE OF ALBYN ;

OR, THE COVENANTER'S LAMENT.

## I.

BEYOND the Atlantic's broad dark-heaving billow  
 The exile of Albyn sat sad on the shore ;  
 The night-breeze was sighing through Hudson's green willow,  
 And the rush of the torrent was loud in its roar.  
 A fugitive forced from the land that had owned him,  
 And true to the Covenant faith that had bound him,  
 He thought not of perils that hovered around him,  
 But wept for the woes that his fatherland bore.

## II.

The howl of the wolf bayed afar through the forest,  
 The whoop of the savage was heard on the gale,  
 His dwelling was drear ; but the grief was the sorest  
 Which dwelt on the dreams of his own native vale ;  
 Oppression and bloodshed had severed the nearest,  
 The heath-sward was dyed with the blood of the dearest,  
 And the loveliest spots were despoiled to the drearest  
 In the land of the torrent, the mountain, and dale.

## III.

The sigh of the sea-breeze came sad o'er the ocean,  
 The dash of the billow was sullen and long,  
 And akin to their tones was the weary emotion  
 Which wooed him the wilds of his exile among.

Afar o'er the blue wave a star-beam was shining,  
 So joyous, it seemed sent to chide his repining,  
 But his sorrows their bands with his soul were entwining,  
 And he wailed out his woes in his own native song.

## IV.

Ah ! where is the home of the exile of Albyn ?  
 The spoiler has ceased, yet no joy knows his breast ;  
 No home of the heart me awaits, but the dwelling  
     Where passions are still and the weary at rest.  
 Land, where the dust of my fathers is sleeping !  
 Land, where the widow and orphan are weeping !  
 Land, which the blast of the Dragon is sweeping !  
 Thy name on my heart is for ever impressed.

## V.

Yet thy faithful were valiant ; their triumph was glorious,  
     Although the red sword of the foe has prevailed ;  
 And, over the banners of darkness victorious,  
     The flesh shunned to shrink, and the spirit ne'er quailed.  
 May their memory be hallowed for ages unborn yet,  
 For Zion, though trodden down, is not forlorn yet ; .  
 The sun of the morning her walls shall adorn yet,—  
     The grace of her glorious King never yet failed.

## VI.

Ah me ! my home was—'twas by Yarrow's fair waters ;  
     'Twas there that my fathers for ages had dwelt ;  
 And there smiled around me my sons and my daughters,  
     And there to the God of our fathers we knelt ;  
     'Twas there that contentment and happiness blessed me,  
     'Twas there that I hoped in life's evening to rest me,  
     'Twas there that the scourge of the godless oppressed me,  
     'Twas there that the pangs of bereavement I felt.

## VII.

Three graves on the banks of the Yarrow forsaken—

My spouse and two daughters—three tufts mark their rest;  
Three sons the fell sword of the godless hath taken,  
And alone I'm escaped to the wilds of the west;  
To the land of the stranger, a pilgrim and hoary,  
I have fled from my fatherland wasted and gory,  
In the wilds of the desert to wind up my story,  
And seek a repose to my grief-burdened breast.

## VIII.

But cease, my weak spirit! Why art thou despairing?

My soul why discouraged? Thy faith why so small?  
Be silent, ye griefs which my bosom are tearing!

The God of my fathers is God over all.  
Resign thee! and kiss thou the rod of affliction!  
He chastens in love, and he grieves in affection.  
I know my Redeemer lives! bow in subjection!  
He loves to the last and requites thee for all.

## SUMMER STANZAS.

## I.

Oh ! 'tis a lovely season here ;  
 The summer is abroad ;  
 Ten thousand voices utter praise  
 To nature's bounteous God.  
 His glorious earth is green and gay ;  
 The genial sun of June,  
 Beaming in joyous majesty,  
 Smiles on her beauteous bloom.

## II.

How rich and full the foliage fresh  
 That plumes the spreading trees !  
 In shady dell and blossomed vale  
 Lingers the scented breeze.  
 The green banks of each crystal stream  
 Bear flowers of every hue,  
 Laugh to the sun the livelong day,  
 And drink the evening dew.

## III.

'Tis heavenly fair to gaze on all,  
 The soul with rapture fills ;  
 They breathe a holy influence ;  
 Through every pulse it thrills,  
 And lifts the thoughts to Him, whose hand  
 Created all things pure,  
 And earth adorns in glory more  
 Than monarch ever wore.

## IV.

Say, can those glorious works decay ?  
Yon fair orb cease to shine ?  
Can Time efface those peerless charms,  
Of essence so divine ?  
A few short months will see them fade,  
The leaf grow red and sear,  
And all the pride of bloom decay  
Which those bright blossoms wear.

## V.

The breeze will toss the withered leaf,  
The rose's blush will die,  
Dark clouds and scowling storms will hide  
This beauty-spangled sky.  
Oh ! weep not for the withered leaf,  
And summer fled so fast !  
Poor pilgrim ! quail not at the howl  
Of winter's shivering blast !

## VI.

Beyond the flood, which thou must pass  
Ere many seasons roll,  
There lives a land whose verdure bright  
Extends from pole to pole ;  
There summer's sun shines ever fair  
In an unclouded sky,  
Nor day, nor night, nor seasons change  
When ages have gone by.

*Edinburgh, June, 1841.*

## TO THE AURORA BOREALIS,

SEEN IN THE ARCTIC SEAS.

### I.

YE far-gleaming glories of Arctic night !  
 Ye legions of meteors careering in joy !  
 Whence bring ye the beams of your mystic light  
 That flicker and flash in their mirth through the sky ?

### II.

It is not from the sun that ye borrow your splendour ;  
 The moon cannot lend you a lustre so rare ;  
 The stars, when full marshalled their hosts, cannot  
 render  
 A light so resplendent, a radiance so fair.

### III.

What then ?—Are ye sprung of the mysteries of space,  
 A self-shining essence of heavenly birth ?  
 Or are ye blithe spirits sent hither to chase  
 The death-glooms of sin from the deserts of earth ?

### IV.

Yet ye seem but a shadowy image, reflected,  
 Of some brighter glory that shineth afar,  
 Some far-distant temple ethereal, erected  
 Beyond the profounds of the uttermost star.

### V.

Triumphant ye come from the depths of the north,  
 Like a legion embattled in brilliant array,

And, bristling with radiance, your squadrons shoot forth,  
And streak the blue vault with the gleams of your way.

## VI.

I gazed on your glories with wonder and awe,  
When a passionless child in my own island home,  
And I dreamed not the course of my dest'ny would draw  
Me away to those regions transparent ye roam ;

## VII.

I deemed you the spirits of those who had passed  
From the troubles of earth to the bliss of the sky,  
Encircling the throne of the "First and the Last,"  
The hosts of the ransomed rejoicing on high.

## VIII.

Still appear to my sight, then, a worshipping host  
Adoring your Maker, and telling His praise,  
For deep in the mazes of wonder I'm lost  
When my fancy in search of your strange essence  
strays.

1846.

## SONG OF TOIL.

## I.

Toil! toil! toil!

From the earliest dawn of Monday's light  
 To the latest hour of Saturday night,  
 Hand that works, and foot that walks,  
 Plough, and spade, and hammer and axe,  
 Horse, and steam, and fire, and water,  
 Wheels and cranks, with their clank and clatter,  
 The tailor's bench, and the cobbler's stool,  
 The penman's desk, and the counter's rule,  
 Are grinding man's life out;—and to what end?  
 That the poor may slave, and the rich may spend.

Toil! toil! toil!

As the bondaged Israelites, of old,  
 While the weary day right heavily rolled,  
 Were wont o'er the brick-kilns of Egypt to broil.

## II.

Man! man! man!

What! deemest thou light the primeval curse,  
 That thy grasping greed should wither thee worse?  
 Has the bondage of Mammon a gentler lore  
 Than the bondage of Pharaoh's taskmasters of yore?  
 Hadst thou no higher aim, no future in view,  
 Thou only couldst toil thus thy weary weeks through,  
 And dream through thy Sabbaths, all jaded and worn,  
 Nor lift up a thought to the end thou wast born.

Yes ! 'tis hard thou shouldst starve too before Mammon's  
shrine,  
If thou toil not, and sweat for the pittance that's thine ;  
                          Slave ! slave ! slave !  
'Tis a canker has eaten this age to its core,  
And blighted the kindlier feelings men bore ;  
And its venom would dog thee even down to the grave.

## III.

Lord ! lord ! lord  
Of the pelf of this earth and the sinews of man !  
Who crushest him down 'neath his lost Eden's ban,  
Thou wouldest too, if thou couldst, lord it over his soul,  
And peril his weal for Eternity.—Fool !  
Thou may'st worm the last mite which thy lust can devise  
From his labour, but hence, at the Judgment, he'll rise  
A witness against thee, when fall'n is thy god,  
This Mammon to whom thou hast offered his blood.  
To what end is this grasping, and hoarding, and craving,  
This lust of the wealth of a world thou art leaving ?  
                          Fool ! fool ! fool !  
Give a tithe of the six, for refreshment and rest,  
To the children of Toil by exactions oppressed,  
That the seventh may be free to the range of the soul !

## IV.

Rise ! rise ! rise !  
Man, who art sprung of ethereal fire !  
To the end of thy being immortal aspire !  
Burst those fetters with which thou art chained to the  
ground,  
The slave of the slaves whom Mammon has bound !

Arise ! and affirm thou hast somewhat to claim,  
When the grave has closed over this toil-wearied frame,  
Which is nobler and better, and worth all the striving  
Thy strength can put forth in the land of the living !  
Canst thou carry aught hence of the guerdon of gold  
Which might give to thy bones softer ease in earth's  
mould ?

Never ! never ! never !

When death takes his gripe, and the world grows dim  
As he glazes the eye-ball and stiffens the limb,  
All its worth from thy grasp is departed for ever.

1855.

## THOUGHTS ON THE DECLINE OF THE YEAR.

"All things that are on earth shall wholly pass away  
Except the love of God, which shall live and last for aye."

W. C. BRYANT.

### I.

All things are hastening to decay ;  
The fairest that on earth we see ;  
Time is a grindstone, turning aye  
In circles of celerity,  
Aye wearing down this earthly frame,  
Erasing aye some hallowed name,  
And hiding in the hollow past  
The wrecks of things ;—'twill wear itself away at last.

### II.

The flowers are dying all, or dead,  
The leaves are whistling on the gale,  
The summer warblers all are fled,  
And the sighing winds begin to wail ;  
There is a dirge in every tone,  
Which aye is moaning, "*past and gone !*"  
There was an echo on that blast  
Which made the very heart to shudder as it passed.

### III.

All things are hastening to decay ;  
Our friends, our joys, our sorrows die ;

And Time will soon take us away  
Whither our fainting footsteps hie.  
All that we are, and all we see,  
Is but a passing shade ; and we  
Glide o'er the changing face of Time  
Like moon-gleams o'er a broken sky at midnight chime.

## IV.

Youth has not bloomed till it must fade ;  
Strength is a fit, and health a dream ;  
And beauty is a tinsel shade,  
A sun-flash on a turbid stream.  
Love's idol objects cannot stay,  
And feelings but endure a day ;  
The mazy current of the mind  
Itself will ooze away, and leave no course behind.

## V.

Man's proudest fabrics crumble down,  
And totter to the elements ;  
The Pyramid dissolves anon,  
And towers shed their battlements ;  
The ruined tower, the Gothic fane,  
The site that scarcely mars the plain,  
The hoary cairn with nettles grown,  
Tell hist'ries of decay, and prophesy our own.

## VI.

The globe itself with years is sore ;  
The hills are bald and hoar with age ;  
And worn and hollowed is the shore  
With the sad ocean's ceaseless rage ;

The quondam torrent's channelled course,  
 The monuments of earthquake's force,  
 The burning crater's smoke and flame,  
 The livid bolts of heaven in thunder tell the same.

## VII.

Yea, even sidereal worlds decay,  
 And stars have vanished from their spheres,  
 And glittering orbs have gleamed away  
 Before the wasting lapses of years ;  
 Yea, every star and planet bright  
 Shall soon be quenched in utter night ;  
 The dazzling sun and solemn moon  
 Shall glimmer from the sight, and deem their fate a boon

## VIII.

And mortals will be here to see  
 When the blue vault shall pass away,  
 And flames lick up the spacious sea,  
 And earth like melting wax decay ;  
 A vision, now, my fancy fills,  
 Of rifted rocks and molten hills,  
 Of smitten forests black with fire,  
 And ocean rolling fervid waves with hissing dire.

## IX.

All things are hastening to decay,  
 But deathless Hope shall still endure ;  
 The love of God shall last for aye,  
 Against the strife of time secure ;  
 When spent his course, 'twill smile serene  
 Upon a world's dissolving scene ;  
 Shall see the heavens, departing, rend ;  
 Shall rise above the spheres, and seraph wings extend.

## X.

When all Creation groans with years,  
And, wrapped in night, expires the sun ;  
When darkness veils the starry spheres,  
And nature's utmost sands are run,  
With earthly dross no more at strife,  
'Twill spring to new created life,  
And, founded on unshaken faith,  
Might dare a thousand worlds with their array of death.

## ON QUIZ, \* \* \* \* 'S LAP-DOG.

## I.

WHILE some attempt the tender strain,  
 And some the metaphysical,  
 And some for heroes vex the brain,  
 Let me attempt the *Quizzical*.

## II.

Poor simple-minded honest Quiz,  
 A dog of no obtrusive art,  
 With his unconscious playful phiz,  
 Had wiled away a lady's heart.

## III.

This lady wished to change his name,  
 And, very rashly, called him Tasso,  
 But Quiz—no doubt he was to blame—  
 Could never understand it was so.

## IV.

At such marked dulness much perplexed,  
 She asked a friend's advice to find  
 Some name to try upon him next  
 More to the little wilful's mind.

## V.

It seems a fact beyond dispute,  
 Which every one's experience teaches,  
 Whencever such advice is sought,  
 This, and no more, its import reaches.

## VI.

Good people give their own opinion,  
Expect you'll see its weight, and swallow it :  
If yours don't bow to its dominion  
They're predetermined not to follow it.

## VII.

And so it went on this occasion ;  
The case submitted to her friend,  
The lady laughed at his decision,  
And took her own way in the end.

## VIII.

She found the case she could not mend,  
And Quiz was Quizzzy all the same,  
But hinted that she thought her friend  
Was more deserving of the name.

1842.

## WHAT DRINK HAS DONE.

(WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YEAR.)

PRINCE of the Angels of Death ! I hear  
 Thy voice again on the coming year ;  
 Thy voice I hear, and I loathe the sound,  
 For it speaks of the death thou art dealing around,  
 A voice that is sweetened with syren spell ;  
 Though thy mandate to murder thou bringest from hell,  
 No spirit art thou of Tartarean birth,  
 But begot, by the Archfiend himself, of earth.

“ Dost know me ?—Aha ! then, I scorn to conceal  
 The joy of my deeds, as a fiend, which I feel :  
 I’m a god, a divinity higher in power  
 Than all those dull idols whom mortals adore ;  
 Not Baal, nor Moloch, nor Siva can boast  
 Such legions of vot’ries, so mighty a host ;  
 Of worshippers all to their idols who bow  
 The drunkard’s the veriest devoted I know ;  
 Where one adores once at Jehovah’s shrine  
 There are ten who will worship ten times at mine ;  
 Men bowed to my godship before the great flood,  
 And of the washed world the first idol I stood.  
 I’m a demon of blood ; but mortals are blind,  
 And they see not the fangs of my flattery refined ;  
 I butcher the bodies and souls of men,  
 And I murder their time—all their treasure—and then  
 I can flatter them still—but hark !—thou shalt hear  
 With what howlings I’ll strangle the dying year.

“ Dost thou see yon sunk countenance haggard and wan,  
And those rags that envelope a thing like a man ?  
That visage repulsive, all bloated and bleared,  
With red eyes from which even the soul looks scared ?  
The staggering gait, and the loitering air,  
The aimless expression, and meaningless stare,  
All mark him *my* victim, body and soul,  
And his happiest heaven the care-killing bowl.  
When, wearied with wassail, he staggers him home,  
A den of chill cheerlessness, misery, and gloom,  
His helpmate sinks silent and trembling to see him,  
And his children all shudder with terror and flee him.  
I will hang him to-night—aha ! how he’ll swing !  
While the sots, his companions, will revel and sing.

“ One hugged me, and sipped till I maddened his brain,  
And he died in delirium ; others I’ve slain  
With my poisonous breath, which, instilled in their veins,  
Engendered slow wasting diseases and pains ;  
Yet they dallied and wantoned still on with my wiles,  
And deemed that I soothed their sad pains with my  
smiles ;  
And some I have smitten, when wounded and sore,  
And they saw me unrobed of the mask which I wore,  
Still fawning caressed me, and bending adored  
Till I solved the last fibre of life’s silver cord.  
One I soothed to his slumbers unconscious at night,  
And he lay a stark corse by the dawning of light ;  
Another I wiled, in a wildering dream,  
Alone, to the bank of the dark rolling stream,  
And flung him far in where the current was strong ;  
How he struggled and shrieked as it whirled him along  
And one, in the dark, I led out of the way

To the brow of a cliff that hung high o'er the deep,  
And he wist not his footsteps had wandered astray,  
Till I hurled him, and laughed, from the edge of the  
steep.

“My vassals are slaves whom to Satan I sell ;  
And the shortest of routes too I hurl them to hell.  
O'er the city I lord it, and reign as I will ;  
The dens of her alleys with Death's dance I fill ;  
In village and hamlet men crouch to my sway,  
And my temples stand stout by the side of the way ;  
In the country the torch of my revels is seen,  
And murder has marked where my riot has been ;  
On the wide wandering waste of the ocean afar,  
Like a fire-brand I've kindled the wildest of war,  
Where my worshippers poured out their offerings of  
blood,  
And hid the dire deed in the ocean's blue flood.  
I have launched on the waters, in midst of my mirth,  
A mad reeling crew of those minions of earth,  
And, with an arch-leer at their foolhardy glee,  
Have dragged them down drunk to the depths of the sea.

“I have feasted right rarely many a day,  
The brightest and best of earth's children my prey ;  
The mean and the mighty, the peasant and peer,  
I have drawn to my rites with an ogre-like leer ;  
The husband and father, the old and the young,  
The wife and the mother, my poison has stung ;  
The sad and the wretched I've drugged till they smiled ;  
And the mirthful and gay of all care I've beguiled ;  
The toil-worn mechanic, the clerk, and the wight  
Who lives on his brains by his promptness to write ;

The tradesman, and merchant so pursy and proud,  
The saint and the scoffer—the seum of the crowd.

“Aha! I have ruled, like a tyrant, the land;  
In the withering gripe of my merciless hand  
Men have staggered, and gasped, and yielded the ghost,  
While the statesman beheld it, and grinned o'er the cost.  
Yea, the man of the black robe, nowise conscience-riven,  
Has signed to the sinner the *high-road* to heaven,  
And left him to stumble and toil on his way  
Till himself came to me his devotions to pay;  
And the skilled man of medicine, defrauder of death,  
I can often besot with the bane of my breath,  
Till his lips quaff the poison he dares not defy,  
Though he sees every day how my doomed victims die.  
And all, as they deemed it the summit supreme  
Of bliss to die drinking, and death were a dream.”

*December 31, 1854.*

## VANITY OF VANITIES.

"Rejoice, O young man ! in thy youth ; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes : but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment. Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh ; for childhood and youth are vanity."—*Eccl. xi. 9, 10.*

### I.

How bright is youth's delightful dream !  
 How fair in fictions dressed !  
 How rife with hopes its visions teem !  
 What ardour fires the breast !  
 Gay fancy roams with idle scope,  
 Nor dreams it cherishes a hope  
 That sparkles to deceive ;  
 How seldom soars beyond the joys  
 Of mortal bliss, and earthly toys  
 Man passes on to leave.

### II.

Launched on the perilous abyss  
 Of life's so buoyant tide,  
 His traverse first he marks amiss,  
 Then fails the helm to guide ;  
 The bark bounds lightly o'er the flood,  
 The breezes pipe in joyous mood  
 And swell the crowding sail ;  
 High waving o'er the wanton strife,  
 Gay flaunts her flag, the pride of life,  
 And dances to the gale.

## III.

Oh ! could he revel here for aye,  
Such were life's noblest aim ;  
Or did no ills beset his way,  
How fair the road to fame !  
But little reeks he of the span  
That metes the pilgrimage of man,  
Grim death's uncertain dart ;  
Still less, what disappointments lie  
Couched in the path he journeys by,  
What shipwrecks of the heart !

## IV.

The heart, the heart ! aye, there it lies,  
The mortal malady ;  
A thing that ever longs for joys,  
And longs it knows not why ;  
A thing that lives but to desire,  
And wins no wish can quench its fire  
In all this mortal sphere ;  
A thing of ardour too intense  
For all of thought, or sight, or sense,  
To quench its longings here.

## V.

Inanity is all when won ;  
Heart-longings but increased ;  
The charm with the pursuit is gone,  
Desiring has not ceased.  
The heart, with all that earth can give,  
Must die to earth ere it can live,  
Must know its mortal sore,—

Corrupt, deceitful, blind, and vain ;  
 And stretch beyond life's chequered main,  
 To chase the winds no more ;

## VI.

Must look beyond the misty haze  
 Which shrouds the darkling shore,  
 And fix one long untiring gaze  
 Till morning light restore.  
 With Faith's unerring chart to guide,  
 Safe shall the bark the billows ride,  
 Though storm and tempest frown ;  
 But, mariner ! thy compass mark !  
 For, ah ! how many a gallant bark  
 Has in that deep gone down !

## VII.

When youth is past, and manhood's prime  
 Is fading in decay,  
 And gliding down the vale of time—  
 The twilight of life's day—  
 Oh ! who would wish to trace again  
 The mazes of life's stormswept main,  
 With all their tide of woe ?  
 Who would not deem the price too hard,  
 If he his bygone years were spared,  
 Through all their griefs to go ?—

## VIII.

The hope deferred, the spirits grieved,  
 The friendships death must part,  
 The summer friend whose faith deceived,  
 Whose falseness crushed the heart ;—

And would not long to leave behind  
A scene that's changed by every wind,  
    And yields no joy that's pure,  
For one that faith holds out to view,  
Unchanging, radiant, ever new,  
    Whose joys unstained endure ?

## IX.

Seek thou that source of happiness  
    For which the soul was framed !  
Nor fondle fairy dreams of bliss ;  
    Nor vain desires untamed.  
Waste not thy youth in wanton flights,  
Pursuing phantoms for delights,  
    For soon its season's spent ;  
Remember thy Creator now,  
Before the storm begins to blow,  
    Before the arrow's sent,—

## X.

The arrow of distress, that flies  
    When trouble is abroad ;  
When man must find his refuge lies,  
    Or shield himself, in God.  
Thy bark may reel, her canvas rent ;  
And thou may'st toil till strength is spent,  
    And cast out all that's dear,  
To light her ere she right again,  
Yet still uplift the joyful strain,  
    “ My treasure lay not here ! ”

## ORKNEY.

## I.

O'ER the blue hills, which, on the sea,  
 Are throned, in azure majesty,  
     Beneath the northern star,  
 Around whose steeps the surges ride  
 In foaming speed upon the tide,  
     And noise their mirth afar,  
 The shades of night are slowly creeping,  
 The purpled clouds in gold are sleeping  
     On ocean's brim and mountain's brow ;  
 The lingering twilight, loth to fly,  
 Streams yellow on the western sky,  
     And gilds the floods below,

## II.

Where, cradled sweetly in the scene,  
 The dusky islets float serene,  
     The winds and waves asleep ;  
 All glassy is the watery wold,  
 And summer stars, like pearls of gold,  
     Are gleaming from the deep.  
 'Tis sweet to glide, among those isles,  
 O'er waters fair with moonlight smiles ;  
     To mark the headland's stern contour ;  
 To list the murmur and the dash  
 Of waves, and see their white crests flash  
     When chiding with the shore.

## III.

Where swiftly cleaves the gliding keel,  
Or, sounding, smites the paddle-wheel  
    And stirs the hissing foam,  
White glow the globes of liquid fire,  
Struck from the flood with scourging dire,  
    And burst in kindling spume.  
Abrupt and bold its craggy steep,  
The sea-cliff high o'erhangs the deep  
    Like some primeval ruin hoar ;  
Its form fantastic, glooming, swells  
Upon the sky, where twilight dwells,  
    And dark its summits soar.

## IV.

Its shapeless grandeur haunts the mind,  
With chronicles of fame combined,  
    And wiles the thoughts profound  
Into the past—those times of old  
Whose tales in Runic rhymes are told,  
    Or hid in mystic mound.  
Those isles remote—though placed between  
The world and Polar night I ween,  
    Though now untold their humbler name,  
Amongst their wilds in one rude age  
The world's vast drama had its stage,  
    One era theirs of fame.

## V.

When wrapped in winter's terrors drear,  
With stubborn steep and frown severe  
    Their misty sea-fronts loom ;

They draw the clouds, and dash the spray,  
 And marshal grim in thick array  
     Their majesty of gloom.  
 When tempests rend the severing deeps,  
 And floods, disrupted, storm their steeps  
     With angry ocean's awful powers,  
 What mingled rage of foam and sound  
 Wails, shrieks, and howls, and roars around  
     Their battlements and towers !

## VI.

Then *brough* and *skerry*, *isle* and *holm*,  
 Are wreathed in bands of seething foam,  
     And dimmed with clouds of spray ;  
 The billows rave against the tides,  
 And rouse the angry *roost* which rides  
     In triumph o'er the fray.  
 Where Hoy's bold summits kiss the sky,  
 And Pentland's torrents whirl them by,  
     The furious strife of war is seen,  
 And Runabrade, and Papa's Boar,  
 Respond incessant to the roar,  
     And madding friths between.

## VII.

When sea and sky with mists are dark,  
 Woe to the tempest-beaten bark  
     Amid the storm-cloud borne !  
 With canvas rent, and bulwarks riven,  
 On rock or shoal impetuous driven,  
     The proud waves' sport and scorn.

My fancy still delights to roam  
Along their shores—my childhood's home—  
    Where first awoke the passioned fire  
Which kindled at the wild display  
Of flood and fell and sea-cliff grey,  
    Or ocean's sounding ire.

## VIII.

Secure as in those years of old,  
With hill-side bare, and sea-front bold  
    They keep their azure thrones,  
As in my stern forefathers' days  
Who lorded o'er the northern seas,  
    And gave to them their bones.  
And still the sea-kings' might is sung,  
Though silent long the *scald's* sage tongue  
    Their dauntless deeds of daring live ;  
And while those crags shall spurn the waves,  
And guard the cairns that mark their graves,  
    Their fame shall still survive.

## ONE END IS TO ALL.

## I.

WHAT is this living frame?  
 This clod of marv'llous clay?  
 This strange and fearful mystery, *man*,  
 Whom sagest science may not scan?  
 This May-fly of a day  
 That laughs and sighs,  
 That lives and dies,  
 And worships Time as to Eternity he lies?

## II.

A frail and airy shade—  
 A taper's fitful gleam—  
 Whose span's uncertain as the glow  
 That flits through church-yards to and fro—  
 A fevered kind of dream  
 That rests and walks,  
 That thinks and talks,  
 And frets or fears as o'er the scene each phantom stalks.

## III.

What is this flame of life,  
 This animating soul,  
 This essence of ethereal birth  
 Too gross for heaven, too light for earth,  
 Though held in its control,

And chained to clay  
 Till death's dread day  
 Shall give the dust to dust, and waft the soul away?

## IV.

For Death has set his seal  
 Upon this fading flesh ;  
 Death dogs its footsteps through the vale,  
 Death waits in ambush to assail  
 The old, young, faint, and fresh ;  
 Death hovers here,  
 Death waits us there,  
 Death laughs with hideous grin, and meets us everywhere.

## V.

Death takes his bony grasp ;—  
 The quivering limbs grow numb,—  
 The vacant eye-balls wildly stare,  
 And then to sightless darkness glare—  
 The tragedy is done ;  
 .     And what death leaves  
 .     The grave receives  
 With all the idle schemes with which the fabric heaves.

## VI.

And man but lives to die  
 That he in fact may live ;  
 This body of mortality  
 Becomes an awful mystery,  
 While all its powers survive

The agony  
 That set them free  
 From the material frame whence all power seemed to be.

## VII.

And what awaits the soul  
 Beyond the verge of time ?  
 Endless endurance, bliss or doom,  
 Unfading joy or hopeless gloom—  
 The highest heaven to climb,  
 Or down to dwell  
 In lowest hell ;  
 Eternal woes to wail, or hymns of praise to swell.

## VIII.

But when will man be wise,  
 And learn to count his days ?  
 How long, presuming on a breath,  
 Will he thus dare to sport with death  
 As round the taper's blaze  
 The heedless fly,  
 In giddy joy,  
 Wantons, till undeceived by mortal agony.

## IV.

How long, pursuing dreams,  
 Unmindful of his end,  
 Will he thus slumber in a trance,  
 And stake his utmost on a *chance*  
 That mercy will befriend

His soul at last;  
And dare Death's blast  
Without a ground of hope, without an anchor cast?

## X.

O fatal error!—CHANCE!  
Who thus would mock earth's dross?  
This mercy he despairs to crave  
Can never reach the silent grave,  
His *chance* a certain loss.  
Undoubted doom,  
Undoubted gloom,  
All certain but the woe's intensity to come.

## MOUNT SINAI.

THE thunders of Sinai JEHOVAH proclaim,  
 And the Law had been uttered in terrors of flame !  
 The depths of the gnarléd and seamless rock  
 Were shattered and split by the earthquake's shock !  
 Where the cloud and the darkness the Holy concealed  
 Was the Lord to the prophet of Israel revealed ;  
 Wide and waste, all around, the lone wilderness lay,  
 A pathless, a toilsome, and desolate way,  
 While the tents of the thousands of Israel were seen  
 Clustered white in the gorge of the valley between.

The thunders had ceased, and the lightning was  
 quenched ;  
 In the keep of the cloud was the prophet entrenched,  
 Where the Glory Divine unto mortal was bared  
 And the righteous Eternal his precepts declared.  
 Thus day after day had passed solemnly by !  
 Still the mountain's capped summit leaned black on the  
 sky,  
 And the prophet returned not to marshal the way  
 Of the multitude waiting, and murmuring to stay,  
 When the buzz of rebellion arose in the crowd,  
 And the tongue of sedition was clamorous and loud :  
 " Is this the deliverance Jehovah has wrought us ?  
 For this that from Egypt his servant has brought us,  
 And led us abroad in the desert to leave us ?  
 Where, where is the *good land and large* to receive us ?  
 Up ! up !—make us gods that may lead on before us !

Ho ! Aaron ! this Moses, who hitherto bore us,  
Has deserted the camp in this wilderness lone ;  
Where he tarries we wot not, nor whither he's gone."

" Bring your gold !" said the priest, by their clamours  
o'erborne,  
Or haply he did it their madness to scorn—  
" Bring your ear-rings, and bracelets, and jewels of  
gold !"  
And they plucked off their trinkets an idol to mould ;  
In the fire of refining the jewels were thrown,  
And the metal flowed bright as the furnace was blown ;  
From the glow of the fire-brands a molten calf came,  
Such as Egypt of old had adored to her shame ;  
The graving-tool figured and polished it o'er,  
And the idol was fashioned, and set to adore.  
" Rise, and worship ! O Israel !—these be thy gods  
Brought thee forth from the thrall of thy taskmaster's  
rods !"

Before the vile image the altar arose,  
And the feast of the Lord for their idol they chose :  
The rites were prepared by the dawn of the day,  
And the altar-fire burned where the sacrifice lay ;  
Burnt-offerings were given to the god made of gold,  
And the whole congregation the idol extolled ;  
For the revel and banquet the table was spread ;  
They sat down to feast, and the wine sparkled red,  
Until their blind hearts in their madness waxed gay,  
And they sang, and they shouted, and rose up to play.

But the Lord saw their doings. The Lawgiver ceased ;  
And his vengeance the leader of Israel had seized ;

The God of the terrors of Sinai arose  
In the wrath which he wears when he falls on his foes ;  
And to Moses, who heard with dismay—“Get thee down !  
This people I favoured and fed as mine own  
Have corrupted themselves, turned aside from the way  
And to their dumb idols their sacrifice pay.  
I have marked how this Israel backward has gone !  
’Tis a stiff-necked people. Now let me alone,  
That my wrath may wax hot, and my fury may slay,  
And the sword of my vengeance consume them away !”  
But mark the long suffering and mercy displayed  
By the Lord, in the awe of his terrors arrayed !  
Divine love and grace over judgment prevailed,  
And stayed the dread vengeance transgression entailed ;  
Moses stood in the breach for the people to plead,  
And besought that the stroke might descend on his head ;  
The prayer was recorded,—Jehovah was moved,  
And his anger was stayed for his oath which he loved.

The cloud was upborne, and Jehovah withdrew ;  
Mount Sinai’s jagged summit stood naked to view ;  
The prophet descended the mountain’s steep side,  
And in haste to the camp of the rebels he hied,  
With his minister Joshua who waited alone ;  
And he bare in his arms the two tables of stone,  
Where was written the holy commandment and broad ;  
And the writing was graven by the finger of God.  
In silence they passed, dumb with grief and surprise,  
Till they heard the wild shouts of the tumult arise,  
When Joshua, “Is’t battle and bloodshed they dare ?  
Hark ! that shouting, it sounds like the onset of war !”  
“Nay ! nay !” said the prophet, “such is not the sound  
Where the strife of the battle is raging around ;

It is not thus victors exult, when they shout  
In the pride of their triumph pursuing the rout ;  
It is not the wail nor the shriek of distress  
Of the vanquished borne down where the conquerors  
    press,  
Nor the snorting of steeds as they rush on the spear,  
But the voice of the reveller and minstrel I hear.”  
As he spake the mad revels broke full on his sight ;  
And Israel’s camp seemed in holiday dight,  
With the idol set up, and the sacrifice bound,  
And the worshippers leaping and dancing around.

The prophet beheld there the god they had framed ;  
His spirit was roused, and his anger inflamed :  
“ Is’t to those I bring hither the law of the Lord ?—  
To those who contemn both His works and His word ? ”  
In his anger the tables he dashed to the ground,  
And from the gnarled rock the rent fragments rebound ;  
Perhaps he would stare at the wreck he had made,  
When the fearful disaster his frenzy had stayed,  
But the fragments he left for the traveller to count  
‘ Mongst the rocks at the base of dread Sinai’s mount,  
And rushed in his zeal to the midst of the scene ;  
How hushed was the riot that lately had been !  
From the frown of his brow, and the fire of his eye,  
The stoutest heart quailed, yea, and trembled to fly.  
The idol he seized then—this calf they had made—  
He burnt it with fire, and to powder it brayed ;  
The dust on the waste of the waters he cast,  
And ’twas scattered afar by the breeze as it passed ;  
When the wicked idolater drank from the brook,  
In his draught the vile dust of the idol he took.

When their shame was uncovered to those who  
rebelled,  
The altar o'erthrown, and the revelry quelled ;  
And Aaron the priest unto Moses had shown  
And confessed from his heart how the sin had been done,  
The prophet, inspired with Jehovah's command,  
At the gate of the camp took his terrible stand ;  
He called—and his accents were solemn and loud ;  
His words fell with awe on the terrified crowd—  
“ Stand by, till Jehovah's dread vengeance ye see !  
And who's on His side let him marshal with me ! ”  
Not a man but the children of Levi were found  
To accept of the summons and gather them round ;  
“ Now, thus saith the Lord God of Israel,” he said,  
“ Gird each on his sword and uncover its blade !  
From gateway to gateway go in, and go out,  
And turn its sharp edge upon all in your route !  
Slay each man his brother ! relent not, nor bend !  
Slay each man his neighbour, and each man his friend ! ”

As a pause in the thunder the silence was now,  
And the paleness of death sat chill on each brow ;  
Dismay to each heart the dread mandate had sent,  
Yet forth to the heart-crushing slaughter they went.  
The sword was unsheathed, and gleamed cold in the air,  
And wherever it drove was the shriek of despair ;  
No clamour of battle, no murmur of rage,  
No din of the strife as when armies engage,  
Was there ; though the sword drank its fill every thrust,  
And weltering corses were stretched in the dust,  
But the death-shrick was shrill, and the wailing was  
loud,  
And doleful the cries that were heard from the crowd.

They stayed not, but still the avengers pressed on—  
That terrible band—till the vengeance was done ;  
And now, in the midst of the terror-struck throng,  
Still unbending, they pushed the red carnage along ;  
And aye, as in circles the streaming sword flashed,  
It pointed their desolate way as they passed.  
That terrible band—stern and firm—though they feel  
As it pierced their own hearts every thrust of the steel ;  
And a deadlier paleness came over each brow  
When a brother or bosom friend sank 'neath the blow ;  
Though the blood of the best loved ran red at their feet,  
And wherever they turn them a friend's face they meet,  
While the look of reproach and imploring it sent,  
Though it went to the heart, yet they dared not relent ;  
Though the lip of the slayer was quivering and pale,  
Though the nerve of his arm with the slaughter 'gan fail,  
And he shuddered to smite, yet onward they pressed,  
And sheathed the red sword in the terror-struck breast ;  
While the heaps of the slaughtered lay stiffening around,  
And the warm reeking corse weltered wan on the  
ground ;  
And the dread deed of judgment those warriors sped  
Till three thousand of Israel lay smitten and dead.  
How awful the storm of Thy wrath ! and the rod  
Of Thy vengeance how armed with Thy terrors, O God !

## A VISION OF THE OMNIPOTENT.

HABAKKUK iii. 3, &amp;c.

GIRT with a glory intense as flame,  
From Teman the Lord Jehovah came,  
And from Paran's mount, with a light divine,  
As he passed, the Holy One did shine ;  
His glory adorned the dome of day,  
And the earth with choirs of praise was gay ;  
As he went in his strength, like the morning light,  
His glory's glow was resplendent and bright ;  
Coruscant beams from his hand went forth  
Like the myriad hosts of the meteor north ;  
Yea, so fair was the light of his brightness revealed  
That the dazzling blaze his power concealed.  
The devouring plague before him went,  
And burning coals from his feet were sent ;  
He stood and he spanned earth's whirling ball ;  
He looked, and her tribes were sundered all,  
And the everlasting mountains strong  
Were dispersed in dismay as he moved along ;  
The eternal hills with their craggy keeps  
In reverence bowed their hoary steeps ;  
The ways of the great Eternal God  
Were of old—ere a star through æther rode.  
I looked—and lo ! where thy power essayed,  
The tents of Cushan in trouble were laid ;  
Trembled the curtains of Midian's land  
With awe of Jehovah's mighty hand.

Was the Lord at the rivers of water displeased ?  
Was thine anger against the floods increased ?  
Did thy wrath wax hot against the sea  
As it heaved its billows so terribly,  
That thou didst ride in majestic state,  
And salvation's chariots did round thee wait ?  
Thy bow was bent, thine arm was bare  
For the oath thou to the tribes didst swear,  
The enduring oath of Israel's God.  
Thou didst cleave the earth, and the rivers flowed ;  
The mountains beheld thee, and trembling shook ;  
Gathered his waters and fled the brook ;  
The deep from his chambers uttered his voice  
And heaved his floods with a mighty noise ;  
The sun stood still in his azure sphere ;  
The moon beheld and obeyed with fear ;  
Like bolts of flame thine arrows flew,  
And a shining train thy bright spear drew.  
Though didst march through the land in the power of  
thy wrath,  
And the heathen lay smitten and strewn on thy path ;  
For thy people's salvation thou went'st in thy power,  
Even for thine own Israel, their strength and their tower ;  
From the house of the wicked thou woundedst the head,  
And the pride of his glory to dust down didst tread ;  
Thou didst strike through his cities, the chiefest among  
Though bulwarked with ramparts and battlements strong  
Like the rush of the whirlwind in madding career  
Their hosts sallied forth to disperse us in fear ;  
Their exulting was fiendlike, as those who would tear,  
And flesh their fell fangs on, the poor unaware.  
Through the floods of the waters thou cleavedst thy way,  
And didst urge thy war-horses in martial array

On the secret bed profound, where sleep  
The oozy sands of the mighty deep.  
When I heard thee my heart failed in me for fear,  
And quivered my lips thy dread utterance to hear ;  
My limbs took on trembling, the bones of the same  
Were smitten, and shook like a worm-eaten frame ;  
And I said—Oh ! that I could trust in my God  
In the dark day of doom when trouble's abroad !  
When the sound of his challenge to battle shall call,  
Then his red right hand on the heathen shall fall.  
Though blossoms shall bloom on the fig-tree no more,  
Nor vines yield their fruit to be pressed on the floor,  
Though the oil of the olive be toiled for in vain,  
And no eorn from my blight-smitten fields I obtain,  
Though my flocks from my fold in the famine consume,  
And a murrain my herds to destruction shall doom,  
Yet still I will joy and rejoice in the Lord,  
My portion for ever, and hope in his word ;  
In the God of salvation—*my* God—I will joy,  
For my hope neither earth, death, nor hell can destroy.  
The Lord is my strength—to my joy I shall find  
That my steps are made swift as the feet of the hind ;  
And high on the hills everlasting I'll reign,  
Exalted far over want, trouble, and pain.

## THE 68TH PSALM.

LET the Lion of Judah, avenging, arise !  
 Let his foes be appalled at the glare of his eyes !  
 Let the troops of the strong, and the legions of might,  
 And the hosts of his haters be scattered in flight !  
 As the smoke by the winds to the desert is driven,  
 Let thy foes to the blast of destruction be given !  
 As the wax melts away in the ardour of fire,  
 Let the wicked consume in the glow of God's ire !  
 But their hearts let the righteous in gladness employ,  
 And exult before God in the fulness of joy !  
 Yea, let them be joyful with vehemence strong,  
 Till tumults of rapture burst forth in a song.  
 To God your glad voices exultingly raise !  
 To the name of Jehovah shout anthems of praise !  
 By his name *Jah* extol him who rides on the sky  
 And before him rejoice, for the Lord he is high !  
 To the orphan a father, a hope to rely on,  
 And the widow's avenger is God in his Zion.  
 'Tis the Lord who the lonely and desolate cheers,  
 And with youth springing round him reviveth his years ;  
 In his rescue the fettered from dungeon is brought,  
 But the lands of the rebel he parches with drought.

O God ! when of old in thine Israel's sight,  
 Girt with glory triumphant, thou went'st in thy might,  
 And when, through the way of the wilderness vast,  
 In their martial array thine invincibles passed,

Then the earth shook and trembled, and torrents down  
flowed

From the flood-gates of Heaven at the presence of God ;  
Mount Sinai's foundations were shaken and rent  
As Jehovah the leader of Israel went.

O God ! thou didst shower down a plenteous supply  
To water thine heritage, weary and dry !

In the strength of that bounty thine Israel dwelt ;  
Of thy fulness, O God ! to the poor thou hast dealt ;  
The Lord gave the mandate, and great were the hosts  
That re-echoed the saying afar through the coasts ;  
Kings fled with their armies, they fled in dismay,  
And she that had tarried divided the prey.

Though low in the filth of the pots was your lair,  
Like the wings of the dove, iridescently fair,  
To the sun ye shall yet your bright feathers unfold,  
All glittering with silver and burnished with gold.

When thine arm scattered kings in the strength of thy  
might,

Like the snow white on Salmon, thy beauty was bright;  
Like Bashan the hill of Jehovah is high,  
Like the summits of Bashan it reaches the sky.

Ye mountains unwieldy ! why leap ye in joy,  
And heave, in your mirth, your bold summits on high ?  
This hill is the dwelling-place God loveth well ;  
Yea, the Lord in its precincts for ever will dwell.

God's chariots are thousands on thousands afar,  
And thousands of Angels all marshalled for war ;  
The Lord is among them, in holiness dread,  
As when over Mount Sinai his terrors were spread.  
O Lord ! thou hast victor ascended on high,  
Most glorious thy way to the gates of the sky,

And in triumph hast dragged at the wheels of thy car  
Captivity captive, the trophies of war.  
Thou hast blessings most priceless for mortals procured;  
Yea, for the rebellious hast pardon secured,  
That the Lord of all goodness, Jehovah their God,  
In the dwellings of Israel might make his abode.  
Oh ! blessed be the Lord, even the God of our health,  
Who loadeth us daily with blessings and wealth !  
Our God and the God of salvation are one,  
And the issues from death are Jehovah's alone.  
But the Lord, with the ire of his terrible arm,  
In his vengeance the heads of his haters shall harm,  
And hard on the scalp shall his recompense fall,  
Of the wight who goes on in his trespasses all.  
God said, I'll redeem them from Bashan once more,  
My people from perils where deep waters roar,  
That thy foot in the blood of thy foemen may tread,  
And the tongues of thy dogs lap the gore from the dead.

Thy ways, in thy temple, O God ! they have seen,  
They have witnessed the ways of my God and my King :  
The singers, in chorus, marched chanting before,  
Then musicians the harp and the viol that bore ;  
And bright in the choir, in their beauty arrayed,  
The damsels were seen, on the timbrel that played.  
O ! ye of the fountain of Israel, accord  
In the full congregation to worship the Lord !  
There in pomp marching stately was Benjamin's band,  
With their leader, the least of the tribes in the land ;  
The princes of Judah, and Zebulon's lords,  
With their followers, and Naphtali's conquering swords.  
Thy God has commanded thy strength, make thou strong  
The salvation, O God ! thou hast wrought us among !

Because of thy temple in Zion, O Lord !  
Shall monarchs rich offerings unto thee accord ;  
The hosts of the spearmen imperious, chastise !  
And the fierce-looking heathen who mischief devise,  
Till each bringing tribute submit to thy might !  
O scatter those nations in war that delight !  
Great princes shall come forth from Egypt's abode ;  
Ethiopia shall soon stretch her hands unto God.  
Sing aloud unto God, O ye kingdoms of earth !  
Oh ! sing praise to Jehovah with rapturous mirth !  
To him who in grandeur of glory doth ride  
On the Heaven of the Heavens of old that abide !  
Lo ! he utters his voice from his heavenly height ;  
'Tis a voice like vast waters, and awful in might.  
Oh ! ascribe ye all strength to Jehovah's right hand !  
His fame is exalted in Israel's land ;  
Yea, his strength is beheld in the regions on high,  
As he rides on the clouds that career through the sky.  
From the place of thy dwelling, thy holy abode,  
Thou art terrible, girt with thy glory, O God !  
The God who is Israel's portion is he,  
Who, out of the stores of his excellency,  
On his covenant flock strength and power has bestowed,  
And a promise that ever endures. Blessed be God !

## THE STRANGE UNKNOWN.

[The facts on which the following poem is founded were taken from an American newspaper.]

ALONE, to the shores of the Western world  
A stern old stranger came ;  
And all of the lyart wight they knew,  
That David was his name.  
Him had a wandering will compelled  
From his home in Scotland old,  
But who, or what he was none dared  
To ask, and he never told ;  
His speech was rude ; and his features harsh  
Were cast in a mould severe ;  
And tall and bony was his frame,  
And homely was his wear.  
Nor wealth nor poverty his lot ;  
His wallet a mite had hoarded ;  
He purchased a tenement ten feet square,  
And a larger he never afforded,  
The many years he toiled and wrought  
With the mattock, axe, and spade.  
He won his coarse fare by the sweat of his brow,  
And all weathers he stuck to his trade.  
He sought no friends, he made no foes,  
And he won the hearts of none ;  
Yet he seemed not to care, in his daily fare,  
Though he toiled and moiled alone.

A Bible in his lodging lay,  
Well thumbed, in sheep-skin cover,  
Its corners worn and glazed by time,  
For the leaves had been well turned over ;  
His spectacles, or paper case,  
Aye marked the place I wot ;  
And it had but one shelf-mate beside,  
A "Boston's Crook in the Lot."  
Yet peevish he, and rude of speech ;  
'Twas said he never smiled,  
Though 'twas not sorrow, for a tear  
His feelings ne'er beguiled.  
He lived on hard and homely fare,  
And the sweets of life eschewed,  
At the idle sneered, and chode the poor  
As the laziest scum of the crowd.

Thus year on year of niggard thrift  
O'er the cynical stranger wore,  
And none could say he e'er saw him give  
A crust or a mite to the poor.  
But he was strict and upright aye,  
And never owed a debt ;  
And though old David's manners froze,  
He won a due respect.  
Oh ! who might tell his feelings,  
Or the secret of his breast,  
For he kept it close as his hard-earned mite,  
And welcomed ne'er a guest.  
Perhaps fond hope to him had proved  
A false and hollow thing ;  
And the noon of life had clouded o'er  
Gay morn's imagining;

Or the friends of youth were lost and gone,  
And he could not stay behind,  
Where scenes he knew, with their memories,  
Were a canker to his mind.  
Perhaps the weird old wight had proved  
Ills of his fellow-man,  
And sought 'mongst strangers to complete  
The remnant of his span ;  
A spirit of too stern a tone  
To break, much more to bend,  
Had steeled him with a bitter scorn,  
Disdaining to contend ;  
And he would rather shun his kind,  
A recluse in the crowd,  
Than to its follies or caprice  
E'er stand as he had stood.  
Perhaps he loved not man the less,  
Although he could not brook,  
In his moody soul, the wanton flights  
Their idle follies took.  
For the world is a thoughtless giddy thing,  
A kind of maniac dance,  
And revels in every idle dream,  
Like a drunk man in a trance ;  
And he who will not join the dance  
Is deemed the *one* insane,  
Though his soul may scorn and pity too  
A dream so madly vain.

Or was it crime had exiled him  
A fugitive from law ?  
Nay, he looked not like a man of blood,  
And a juster none e'er saw ;

The secret of the moody Scot,  
The mystery of the man,  
The wit most wily could not reach,  
The wisest could not scan.

Still David toiled and plodded on,  
And made his penny a pound,  
And soon, without a word to one,  
He bought a rood of ground ;  
Where he built a land of tenements  
And let them out to rent ;  
The rents came in, and he built again,  
And never a plack he spent.  
The rents came in, and he built again ;  
And his tenants still increased ;  
And now 'twas rumoured the man was rich,  
Though his drudgery never ceased.  
But he grew not proud as his riches grew ;  
The same hard-featured man,  
He stuck to his cell, and his fare was the same,  
And his coat as he began.  
And not a feature he relaxed  
Of his visage stern and sear ;  
In cold and heat, in wind and wet,  
His toil was as severe.  
And David always drew his own  
With a close and ready hand ;  
For, the day that the carline's rents were due,  
Right strict was his demand.  
But he was not hard to all alike,  
Though they said he pinched the poor ;  
And none could lay a heartless deed  
To the rough old Scotsman's door.

No, he was not hard to all alike  
When the day of reckoning came ;  
Default of honest poverty  
He ne'er was heard to blame.  
But the drunkard and the spendthrift, who  
Would laugh they could not pay,  
And the reckless ones he rated sore,  
And pressed them, as they say.  
Yet testy David was not loved  
By a neighbour round, I wot ;  
And he held his way as if it seemed  
He cared not whether or not.  
'Tis strange, the world would scarce its meed  
Of common favour pay,  
Though he sometimes did a friendly deed  
In his own peculiar way ;  
He would lend his lith to ease the load  
When a neighbour's nag came down ;  
And he did not pass the helpless by,  
As he plodded through the town ;  
And he would watch the sick man's bed  
When it did not break his labour,  
But he never looked for thanks, nor dreamed  
He did it as a favour.

Yet still no one could love the man,  
And still they called him miser ;  
They deemed him selfish and severe,  
Yet never dreamed him wiser.  
Some bounteous heart in the town-end dwelt  
Whose alms-deeds many blessed,  
But the name of the good Samaritan  
Dame Rumour ne'er confessed ;

At the widow's door, at dead of night,  
Was a cord of firewood laid;  
And a parent ne'er was ta'en away,  
But the fatherless found aid;  
To the wretch in rags his raiment came,  
And he could not answer whence;  
The starving homeless one had food  
When his pocket had no pence;  
And to every scheme of charity  
That begged the public aid,  
By some unseen and liberal hand,  
Was a contribution made.

A widow who had long been left  
The lone one's woes to feel,  
When her prospects were the darkest, had  
Received a sack of meal;  
And the long kept mystery was revealed;  
The wondering world gaped wide;  
One said—he never heard the like,—  
Another said they lied;  
For—somehow—it had come to light  
That David was the donor;  
And the strange surprise fell with a shock  
Of frantic joy upon her;  
She sought him out, and, on her knees,  
Her gratitude expressed,  
And begged forgiveness of the grudge  
She bore him, with the rest.  
But David would not hear her out;  
“Ye daft jade, hold your tongue!  
And dinna deave me with the din  
Of that worn auld-warld song!

There's Ane wha cares for us alike,  
 And his good I dinna lack ;  
 It's not to you nor others, but  
 To him I render back ;  
 And, waes me for my life ! if a'  
 The widows here in town  
 Come ilka ane to sing that sang,  
 They'll blaw my biggin' down.  
 Gang hame ! and ne'er let on where 'twas  
 Ye gat your pickle meal ;  
 For my rest is marred for ever if  
 Ye cry up your daft tale."  
 And David now, where'er he went,  
 Aye met a kinder look ;  
 He heeded not; nor seemed to turn  
 A new leaf in his book ;  
 He drudged away from day to day,  
 Aye cheating time and tide ;  
 When at the age of seventy-nine  
 The tough old Scotsman died.

They buried him ; and found wherewith  
 The burden to defray,  
 Of the iron stranger's obsequies,  
 In the dwelling where he lay ;  
 They found wherewith to bury him,  
 But not a copper more ;  
 So they bore him to his resting-place,  
 And smoothed the green sod o'er.  
 He died as he had lived ; he died,  
 In his tenement—alone ;  
 And the wonder still grew more and more,  
 When the final act was done.

The stranger died ; and there were few  
To weep when he was gone ;  
And none were near to see the fire  
Of life fade out—alone.  
The world long time had slandered him ;  
But his treasure was not here,  
And he trod his path as though his soul  
Dwelt in another sphere.

1848.

## THE BLACK EAGLE.

(WRITTEN FOR A GAELIC AIR.)

## I.

THE Black Eagle stooped from the crest of the mountain,  
 And screamed as he opened his wings to the blast ;  
 His shadow moved dark over streamlet and fountain  
 While sailing in pride of his majesty past.  
 Through the Inkerman valley his bold flight he wended,  
 The battle was quenched in the blood of the brave,  
 On the red reeking field in his might he descended,  
 And perched on the turf of a warrior's grave.

## II.

A soldier lay stretched on his death-bed of glory ;  
 His buckler was rifted, and broken his brand ;  
 All clotted his locks, which were tangled and gory,  
 And clenched on his sword-hilt his death-stricken hand.  
 Yet from the fell feast the Black Eagle refrained him,  
 And screamed as he gazed on the corse where it lay ;  
 And why—the same Hand that had made him restrained  
 him,  
 He made not the limbs of the hero his prey.

## III.

But his keen eye descried where the hill fox was rending  
 The corse of the mighty, and mangling his clay ;

He soared in his sun-flight, and, swiftly descending,  
Caught up the marauder, and bore him away  
To his eyrie aloft on the craggy acumen,  
And flapped the scared vultures that winged o'er the  
slain.  
Sleep, then, unprofaned, ye brave ashes of true men !  
The black eagle's perched on his eyrie again.

## REMEMBER THY CREATOR !

“Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.”—*Eccles. xii. 1, &c.*

### I.

FRAIL perishing child of the dust,  
 Whose days are delusive and few,  
 How long all thy hopes wilt thou trust  
 On a dream that fades off like the dew ?

### II.

Remember thy Maker, the Lord,  
 In the spring-time of health and youth’s bloom !  
 That thy hope may be sure in his Word,  
 Ere the dark days of evil shall come ;

### III.

Ere the years of sad trouble draw nigh,  
 When thy heart in its sorrow shall say,  
 No morning beam gladdens mine eye,  
 And cheerlessness closes the day.

### IV.

When life but a vapour shall seem,  
 And pleasures no longer avail ;  
 When thy spirit no longer can dream,  
 And desire of desiring shall fail.

## V.

For man bids adieu ! to this scene,  
And is borne to his long home away ;  
It matters not what he hath been,  
For the dust unto dust must decay.

## VI.

Him no more shall the morning beam greet ;  
His chamber is silent and sad ;  
And the mourners are seen in the street,  
In the garments of heaviness clad.

## VII.

Remember thy God ! and repent !  
Ere life's silver cord is unloosed,  
Or the goblet is broken and rent  
In which pleasure's vain draught was infused.

## VIII.

Ere the pitcher is broken unfilled  
At the fountain, and left there to lie ;  
Ere the sound of the draw-wheel is stilled,  
When 'tis broke, and the cistern is dry.

## IX.

Remember thy Maker, thy God !  
While the day of salvation shall last ;  
Lest thou go to thy narrow abode  
When the hour of acceptance is past.

## X.

For, akin to the clay whence it came,  
The dust shall return to the earth ;  
And the spirit return shall the same  
Unto God who at first gave it birth.

1848.

## MIDNIGHT STANZAS.

## I.

Oh ! how the voice of vanished days  
 Steals solemn on the ear !  
 Like notes of long remembered lays,  
 So sadly sweet to hear,

## II.

At midnight hour, when all is still,  
 And nought but memory wakes ;  
 And pensive on the window-sill  
 Its rest the moonbeam takes.

## III.

And slow the moony vapours sail  
 Athwart the mellow sky,  
 So fair and light, so thin and frail,  
 They win the watching eye.

## IV.

Yes ! to the exile there is nought,  
 Which things of sight command,  
 That can afford one pleasing thought  
 In this lone desert land,

## V.

But heaven's untarnished gems, that shine  
Fair in those upper spheres,  
Those limnings of the Hand divine  
Where holiness appears.

## VI.

And those are they, those orbs, the same  
Yon changeless changing sky,  
Which, o'er the land I love to name,  
Hangs out its canopy.

## VII.

I loved them in my early years,  
And now I love them more,  
And greet them nightly messengers  
Sent from my native shore.

*York Factory, 1847.*

## COME, WANDER WITH ME!

COME, wander with me !  
When the moon's on the lea ;  
When, the firmament climbing,  
The stars, sweetly shining,  
Are wending their way  
Toward the dawn of the day ;  
When the Zephyr's last breath  
Is sleeping in death ;  
When the lake, sweetly gleaming,  
With the heaven's blue is beaming,  
And night's sparkling daughters  
Are chased in its waters ;  
When sounds are all still  
But the gush of the rill ;  
Unseen and unknown,  
While the world's all our own,  
When the moon's on the lea,  
Come, wander with me !

## HAME ! HAME ! HAME !

(NEW VERSION.)

## I.

Hame ! hame ! hame ! Oh ! hame fain would I be !  
 Hame ! hame ! hame ! to my ain countrie !  
 Oh ! I never can forget the isles where I was born,  
 With the murmur on their shores and their crags with  
 wild waves worn ;  
 Though the seas were farther o'er,  
 And the time were ten times more,  
 My heart had never wore frae my ain countrie.

## II.

Hame ! hame ! hame ! Oh ! hame fain would I be !  
 Hame ! hame ! hame ! to my ain countrie !  
 I hae never heard the lark with his melody at morn,  
 Nor hae seen the heather-bell in its purple beauty born,  
 And the daisy on the green  
 I hae never never seen  
 Sin' I left the bonnie braes o'my ain countrie.

## III.

Hame ! hame ! hame ! Oh ! hame fain would I be !  
 Hame ! hame ! hame ! to my ain countrie !  
 Oh ! the light and careless heart, that ance was aye my  
 ain,  
 I can never never find till I gae back again

To the loved anes and the leal,  
The friends I kenned sae weel,  
Wha will greet me welcome hame to my ain countrie.

## IV.

Hame ! hame ! hame ! Oh ! hame fain would I be !  
Hame ! hame ! hame ! to my ain countrie !  
If a fond heart I could find, when I gae back again,  
I would mould it to my mind, and mak' it a' my ain ;  
And then I'd sing a sang,  
And be eheerie a'day lang,  
So hame again I'll gang to my ain countrie.

1849.

## EMIGRANT'S SONG.

AIR, *Gramachree.*

## I.

My fair, my fond and faultless one !  
 When Heaven has made thee mine,  
 Wilt dare the faithless deep with me  
 To seek another clime ?  
 To seek a home far in the West,  
 To forest shades we'll go,  
 And we'll fix our pleasant dwelling, where  
 Blue Erie's waters flow.

## II.

For fatherland, that's girded by  
 The salt and sounding sea,  
 We'll have the leafy wilds that ring  
 With forest melody ;  
 And for the dear-loved heather-bell,  
 The kalmia's purple bloom ;  
 For the odour of the meadow-sweet,  
 The sassafras' perfume.

## III.

My hand will hew the lofty pine,  
 And stately cedar tall ;  
 And the green boughs of the juniper  
 Shall deck our woodland hall.  
 Whate'er our lot, of worldly good  
 Whate'er our portion be ;  
 For me, I prize no prouder lot,  
 No wealth but love and thee.

## CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

(NEW VERSION.)

## I.

CONTENTED wi' little and canty wi' mair,  
 Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow or care,  
 I gae them a lift as they're hirplin' alang,  
 In a crack wi' a cronie, and whiles wi' a sang.  
 O' the throws o' hard fortune I carena to rave,  
 Her clouts and her clours I hae had wi' the lave ;  
 But the life we a' lead is a touzle at best,  
 And they're maist to be pitied can aye sit at rest.

## II.

Awa' wi' thae bodies that yammer and fret,  
 And thole na the gude that a neebor may get !  
 While Providence guards me I'll aye be content,  
 And, thankfu' for sma' things, I'll tak what is sent.  
 Whene'er I look forward it's to the far end,  
 For the road that's between I may mar mair than mend ;  
 I'ts a' aye should we die in a shielin' or ha,  
 For it's little we'll think o't when gathered awa.

## MERRILY O'ER THE BILLOWS.

(ORIGINAL AIR.)

MERRILY o'er the billows riding,  
 Swiftly is our good ship gliding ;  
 Roaming free o'er ocean's raving,  
 White with foam her wake she's leaving.  
 Hark ! the winds are piping shrilly ;  
 Swells the bosomed canvas gaily ;  
 Loudly is the tackling sounding ;  
 Merrily onward is she bounding.

## II.

Bird of the ocean ! beautiful rover !  
 Trackless the path thou speed'st thec over :  
 Blustering or bland the breeze that blows thee,  
 Rider ! the restive billow knows thee.  
 Where is the heart that knows not cheering  
 When o'er the deep the ship's careering ?  
 When the gale that sweeps the ocean  
 Merrily, merrily speeds her motion ?

## A FAREWELL.

### I.

FAREWELL! the star that guided us  
     Has vanished from the sky;  
 I hear a sound that tells me thus,  
     As if a voice passed by.  
 The devious ways which we must wend  
     Each must pursue alone;  
 To what our dark'ning dest'ries tend  
     Is lighter far unknown.

### II.

I dare not trace, I dare not speak  
     The language of my heart;  
 Nor let one tear-drop bathe my cheek,  
     Nor sigh before we part.  
 'Tis past; affection's tear and sigh  
     Were wasted long ago,  
 And ere they wake one memory  
     My lips could bid thee go.

### III.

Then, turn away the tear-dimmed gaze  
     Of that sad, earnest eye!  
 In life's perplexed and crowded maze  
     Let hopes and feelings die!  
 And, in the vast and varied throng,  
     Who through its desert stray,  
 Forget the love we loved so long,  
     And every former day!

THERE IS A FORM OF SOMETHING  
FAIR.

## I.

THERE is a form of something fair  
 My day-dreams ever see,  
 Which haunts my wanderings everywhere,  
 And walks the world with me ;  
 And still it woos me with its smile,  
 I cannot turn away,  
 And still its voiceless lips the while  
 So sweetly seem to say :—

## II.

The heart cannot rest cold and lone,  
 Nor can for ever rove ;  
 It seeks some charm to fix upon,  
 Some beauteous thing to love.  
 Oh ! 'tis a bleak and desert waste  
 Where no green spot appears !  
 Oh ! 'tis a life in desert passed  
 Which no fond tie endears.

## O ! COME WITH ME !

## I.

O ! come with me ! and together we'll go  
 To a land of dreams, where no cares we'll know ;  
 To a land of beauty, where fair streams glide,  
 I will lead thee, my dark-haired and bright-eyed bride ;  
 And we'll wander where blossoms of rarest bloom  
 Scent the rich-laden breeze with their sweet perfume :  
 Wilt thou go, wilt thou go with me ?

## II.

To a land which my fancy has pictured to me  
 In the fairy depths of the fathomless sea ;  
 Where, glittering in splendour, are crystal halls  
 With strange beams that dance on their dazzling walls,  
 And ivory domes, and palaces fair,  
 Are built on columns of coral rare :

Wilt thou go, wilt thou go with me ?

## III.

There silvery pearls, and star-like gems,  
 Shall shine in our princely diadems ;  
 And there in our own fairy realm we will reign,  
 Far, far from this cold world, its pleasure or pain ;  
 Through regions of bliss hand in hand we will roam,  
 Our abode ever new, yet for ever at home :

Wilt thou go, wilt thou go with me ?

## IV.

In those clear shining domes of the crystal deep,  
Where columns of coral rich jewels weep,  
We will live for our love, unseen and unknown,  
And, heart knit to heart, we will still dream on,  
And revel in visions of fairy light,  
Unheeding how time hurries on his flight :

Wilt thou go, wilt thou go with me ?

THE END.



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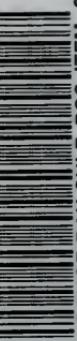
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